

BOOKS BY MRS. FRANCIS KING

CHRONICLES OF THE GARDEN

PAGES FROM A GARDEN NOTE-BOOK

THE WELL-CONSIDERED GARDEN

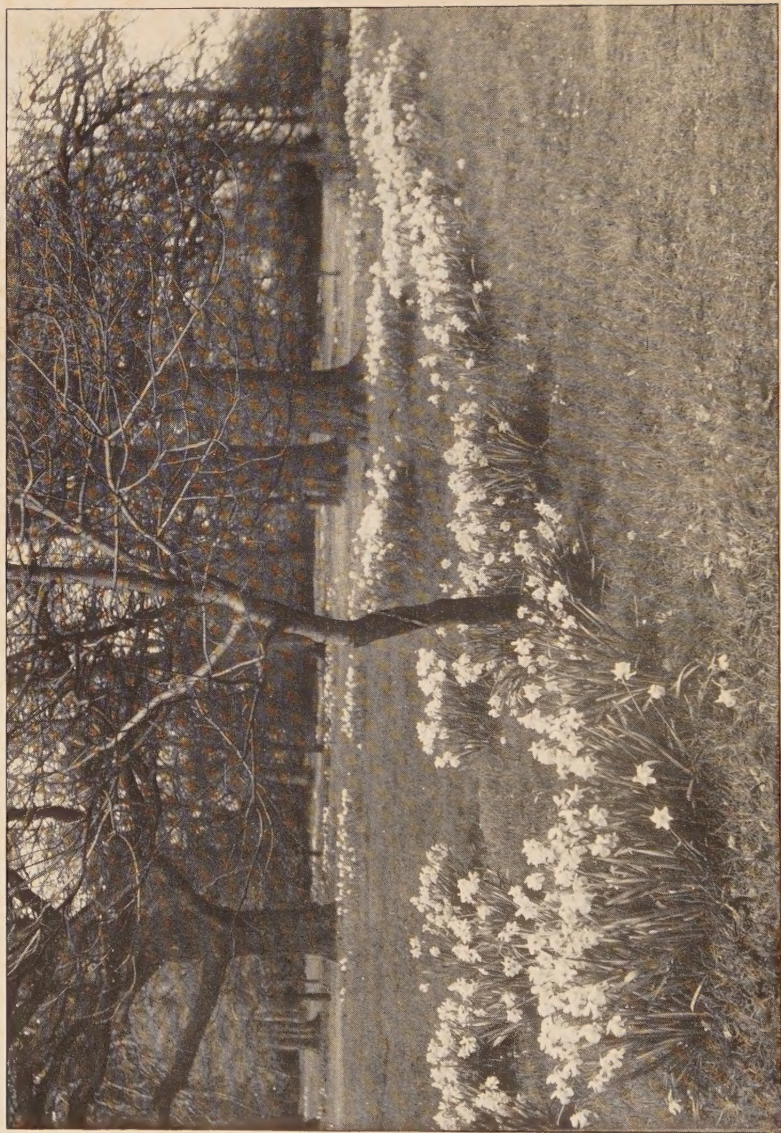
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

CHRONICLES OF THE GARDEN



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A GOOD SUGGESTION FOR INFORMAL MARKING OFF OF GRASS SPACES

CHRONICLES OF THE GARDEN

BY
MRS. FRANCIS KING

ILLUSTRATED

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
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TO
MISS GERTRUDE JEKYLL, V.M.H.

WHO,
MORE THAN ANY OTHER
HAS MADE THE PLANTING OF GARDENS IN
THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING COUNTRIES
ONE OF THE FINE ARTS

THIS BOOK
IS DEDICATED
IN GRATITUDE AND AFFECTION

NOTE

Warm thanks are given here to the editors of *House Beautiful*, *McCall's Magazine*, *Landscape Architecture*, and *The Publishers' Weekly* for such parts of this book as first appeared in their publications, and to the many friends who have generously let their gardens figure through word or picture in these pages.

LOUISA YEOMANS KING.

ORCHARD HOUSE,
ALMA, MICHIGAN,
March, 1925.

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I

ROUND ABOUT THE SPRING
GARDEN

I

ROUND ABOUT THE SPRING GARDEN

TREES and shrubs alike are dressed to-day in the freshest greens of spring; the grass is brilliant, the evergreens just showing buds at their dark tips. The beds of the main garden are having their first spring cultivating after two days of warm rain, and the only things blooming there now are large patches of the old-fashioned Johnny-jump-up, that darling little pansy or viola that all of us knew when we were small. This little treasure quickly follows the snowdrop in its flowering. I survey this tight little garden of ours as it looks in early May. Those singular tufts and mounds in every bed are perennials in varying shades of green: phloxes, delphiniums, thalictrums, irises, all sorts and conditions of plants. Forget-me-nots are in full bloom around the pool, a pretty wreath around that scrap of water, but the whole garden is displayed in a fashion to make me specially realize its shortcomings.

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Spirea thunbergi is just opening its milk-white flowers; single early tulips are blooming, and of these Carrara, the new white, is decidedly a sensation this year—a glorious globe-shaped flower, tall and strong, with petals of superb texture, a noticeable white tulip. Beside Carrara, four bulbs of the pink parrot tulip Fantasy are producing flowers. This tulip has a strange and ragged-edged bud which later on develops into a flower of finest glowing rose-pink hue. Its outer color is a lilac-rose, its flakes or feathers pale green, as in many of the parrots. This is a wild, wind-blown-looking flower, superb in color and form and held on strong upright stems; a rather small flower when spread, measuring eight inches from tip to tip of opposite petals. It is first the beautiful color of this tulip—that of the *opening* Clara Butt, the color of the rosy hawthorn flower—which makes it a glory, and then its interesting parrot form without the too common parrot-possession of a weak stem. A beautiful old spirea is in bloom to-day, a tiny double pure-white flower. This is *Spirea prunifolia*, var. *plena*. Reddish clusters of buds are on every twig of *Viburnum carlesi* with promise of beauty and perfume in a week. Peonies stand up like green and crimson brushes, Lamartine

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making a wonderful show with its stiff dark red rosettes of young leaves.

The Japanese quince is in full glory. One cut of the shears and we have an entrancing study in rich pink blossom on a blackish-brown stem for the decoration of our rooms. The sweet white violet has bloomed and gone, and the plants under old lilacs are now propagating themselves through runners. A remarkable single early tulip is in full bloom. Reticence does not keep me from saying that this beauty is a namesake of my own; and I am honestly proud of its good looks. Of four of the flowers that stand beside me as I write, the petals measure in length three inches, two of the flowers having seven petals. The tulips, having partly expanded in the warmth of the house, are four inches across the top, and about eleven in circumference of the upper edge of the flower. This tulip is of a delightful clear yellow, a trifle more greenish than Mrs. Moon, but with no colored base, clear yellow throughout. It has a fine sturdy stem and very good leaves, and carries itself as though it knew its own worth.

The pink hawthorn trees are covered with tiny tight collections of buds, the smallest imaginable green balls in clusters. Lilac buds are beginning

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to spray forth and to color deeply, while below them green spear-points of tulip buds are thrusting up from the uncurling leaves. Out of the white arabis mat gay pink tulips are rising, while in shaded corners some fresh flowers of daffodil White Lady stand high above their foliage.

There is, however, one particularly interesting flowering subject upon which I have not yet touched, and that is, the bloom of the common myrtle. From out the bright green cushions of young leaves of this myrtle, after the crocuses have flowered and gone have come thousands of star-shaped deep lavender flowers. The borders edged with myrtle seem to be banded with violets. And when above this crowding myrtle-bloom stand tulips Fred Moore and Safrano or Brimstone, as well as White Hawk, all in their glowing orange, their palest yellow, or purest white, the strip of color from door to street is a picture to remember. Never has the myrtle bloomed for us so well as now. Is it because these plants set out four or five years since are only now established? Is it the result of constant fertilizing? For they are in a not too favorable position, close to a brick walk, and with lines of shrubs or stout low grape-vine roots shouldering them rather roughly.

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Prunus subhirtella was a pink bouquet a week ago; then suddenly came eight inches of snow, and the pink turned to a cruelly cold white in a night. Aside from some breaking of boughs, no great harm ensued; and from under those inches we gathered next day a large basket of hyacinths, Lord Derby and Enchantress, various good daffodils, and the lovely pink cherry, all, after a dip in cold water, quite unhurt by the strange May snow-fall. In the midst of the wildly fresh greens all about us that deep snow, gone a week since, seems like a dream; and while I see at every turn some sweet new flower in bloom close to the ground, or a few feet above it, I am conscious too of the upper color of tall trees in young leaf of bronze, of yellow, or of bluish green; conscious of bird songs, of sweet scents of fresh-cut grass and fresh-turned earth; of all that gives recurring life and joy in the spring revival.

Rosabella — such a darling among cottage tulips! “This splendid tulip,” says the Dutch list, “exactly resembles a rosebud in shape and coloring.” This is not far from the truth. Our few flowers of Rosabella are blooming below a young plant of *Syringa pubescens*. The two are entirely delicious together. I can think of no two mid-

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spring flowers more delicately sweet than this tulip and this lilac, either in the open ground or for cutting. It happens that a Los Angeles rose is opening large buds beyond tulip Rosabella and the warm pink tints of the rose are almost those of this tulip. The rose was sent in bud from a greenhouse, hence its odd simultaneous blooming with cottage tulips.

The overlying tone of soft lilac in tulip Ambrosia makes this glorious flower of spring the most remarkable flowery associate for the bluish lights of the wonderful single lilac Emil Gentil; there is a subtle harmony here, due mainly to the blue suggestion in both flowers. Here grows tulip Ambrosia, rising above forget-me-not — those flowers which have made themselves the very permanent inhabitants of our upper or trial garden — and some idea of its height may be gained when I say that the myosotis rises to nearly a foot. I wish I could convey some suggestion of the luminous beauty of tulip Ambrosia, of its fine form, of its charm for certain rooms, where few other flowers are placed, and where those that are there will be objects for happy contemplation — if in these days in America any of us ever really contemplate!

When all is said, the spring garden is the garden

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par excellence for America. In the south as a rule the spring garden is more gradual; flowers bloom more in succession than is the case from Washington north; but beyond Washington in the cooler parts of the country, if the spring is at all favorable, there are such outbursts of bloom in May as are not seen in any other land.

And how explain the excitement that spring produces in a mind that longs for it, that watches its gradual coming with a breathless happiness which only the great movement of natural growth can produce? It is beyond my powers to say why the spring brings joy, but I feel that joy — sometimes it seems at its height before a flower is seen — when the sky alone seems changed; sometimes when the first snowdrop raises its courageous spear; sometimes when the flush of the Japanese cherry colors our little foreground — but to-day that ecstasy envelops me because of the soft yet brilliant picture of flowers along the upper garden walk; for here are crowds of pale daffodils, White Lady, Mrs. Chester J. Hunt, Orangeman, Great Warley, many others, taller, finer, and in greater numbers than they have been before; and above these stand at the four corners of the cross walks and under four budding apple-trees, twenty or more

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of that magnificent spring flower, *Fritillaria imperialis*. Of these Crown-imperials *maximus* is both the first to open and the most gorgeous in color and stature. It measures four feet in the border now, and its great orange-red, drooping flowers hanging from under the handsome tuft of green leaves at the top of the stalk are things to wonder at. These flowers light the border like torches. They give a glow to that walk, such light as I never saw equalled; and to all those who do not know the fritillary — not the species *meleagris*, that is very different, much smaller and less striking — I would say, get a few of these and plant them above your daffodils, and if you are a Cræsus, have a foreground not only of daffodils for these, but groups of tulip General de Wet too. Then there will be a picture of glorious color worth working to create.

Following hard upon the fritillaries and appearing beyond them in all four directions of the compass, now comes a blue mist of forget-me-nots. I had almost said, of terrible forget-me-nots; and it is not without reason that I apply this formidable adjective to the tiny lovely flower. For, learning ten or twelve years since that the seed of these little plants should not be cut away, we began allowing

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them to self-sow, with the result that the forget-me-not now is almost as a dandelion to us. The varieties with which we started were *Sutton's dissitiflora*, *Perfection*, and *Royal Blue* (these can all be bought of American seedsmen now). They are early, midseason, and late, with the result that, especially in the cold, wet Mays of the last several years, we have three weeks of little fields of sky-blue in the upper garden, and not only within the garden's boundaries but outside them. The forget-me-nots push out into the gravel walks and bloom there; they come up in crevices of brick at steps and floors; they tie their roots into those of Japanese quinces, and cushions of bright blue are seen through the cherry-colored bloom of that enchanting shrub. We give away spadefuls of the plants twice a year; we treat them in the most ignominious fashion, stepping on them as though they were grass; nothing can keep them down. They act most brazenly upon the meaning of their name.

Now all this, of course, is written more or less lightly. The plain truth is that we adore these darlings of May, and so do all who see them. It is the letting get hold of any little plant that is dangerous to the later beauty of a garden. One's

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feelings become involved, too, when that plant is one that looks up with the confident innocence of the forget-me-not. And there is, too, nothing like these fields of blue, these sheets of blue from which to let other flowers arise.

In this upper garden as I write there is a little picture which might at so little cost be repeated in almost any one's back yard that I shall describe it here. Great masses of the blooming forget-me-nots from ten to fourteen inches high are cut through in the centre by a narrow grass walk — not over three feet wide — running south from the main walk of the upper garden to a belt of hemlock spruces at the south end. On either side of the little grass walk rises Wordsworth's host of golden daffodils from the blue. Here are the enormous flowers of Van Waveren's Giant, the pale and slender Ariadne and White Lady, and two small groups of those incomparable beauties, Lioba and Bernardino. The picture, with distant plum blossom, and brilliant green of lawn beyond, is very nice, and as tall lilacs hem in the sides of this little square, and all provision is made for a succession of bloom here until November's cold gray time shall come, there is much to look forward to. The point that I wish to make, however, is this:

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that any one with decent soil and exposure, in a cool climate like ours, with a little money, a very little, and much thought (always harder to come by than money), may create on the smallest bit of ground just such a gay little scene as this.

Buy little evergreens, little lilacs; sow the seed of the forget-me-not broadcast in mid-July; get daffodils in less expensive varieties, but with much yellow in them for the contrast with the pale blue; plan for summer and autumn color—delphiniums, phloxes, hardy asters, artemisias, chrysanthemums perhaps, important inhabitants to bring to dwell on either side of the little central paths, and the thing is done. Done, did I say? What a word to use in gardening. The fascinating thing of all is that it is never done. The picture changes daily. It resolves itself into new groupings with each week. With sun or cloud upon it, new beauties are apparent. As one clips off the faded flowers of daffodil—and even one faded daffodil, let me assert, is a bad rift in the garden lute—new effects of color and of form present themselves because another flower or hue at once becomes the dominating tone or group. And thus it is that the very smallest bit of ground, plus imagination thought and care, may become bet-

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ter than any hoard of golden coin in the greatest bank vault in the land.

Yet the other side of this question of getting nice garden effects is always present to me, and never more so than this spring. Do we clear away the things of our gardens too promptly and too well? Would not these gardens look better if we gave less heed to sharp and well-trimmed edges, if we should let their lovely occupants have their way, spill over those edges, raise themselves sometimes and in some places to their full spring and summer height — in short, take possession as these forget-me-nots have done here? There is the poet's "sweet disorder," which can so often be accomplished only by leaving a garden alone except for weeds, the lightest of cultivation, and the various true essentials such as fertilizing. I confess that I have for years been rather bound to the idea of a prim neatness; but as time goes on and loveliness asserts itself here and there in beautiful effects of growth, I more and more appreciate what plants and flowers will do for one if they have their way.

Returning again, however, to possible spring pictures, beyond the blue of forget-me-not it should be easy too if one wanted a different color-

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arrangement, not pale-yellow and blue, to grow one or two double-flowering almonds, the rose-pink *Prunus glandulosa*, or double pink-flowering almond, as "Standardized Plant Names" happily still permits us to call this much-loved shrub of spring. In our part of the country, when this almond buds at a normal date, there is usually a fear in its owner's mind that it cannot escape frost; and frost to the flowering almond is as black blight to the delphinium, or worse. Even a light frost will blacken those deep-rose-colored buttons of buds (how I love the French *bouton* for bud) and one cannot hope to revive these promises of bloom, as with lilacs, by a hose-spray in the very early hours after a night of unwonted cold. This year I like to think that we saved all the unusually fine bloom of lilac that we had by this simple expedient of an early spray with cold water, a spray before the sun was well up. And certainly the reward of this extra effort was great, for seldom has come such a lilac year as this of 1924. Everywhere is the tale the same. Magnificence of lilac at the Arnold Arboretum; glory of lilac at Rochester, wonder of lilac in all private gardens of the North; while I venture to say that at no time have as many thousands everywhere had their

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eyes upon these flowers, their thoughts upon such loveliness, as in the month of May just gone. The species lilacs at the Arboretum were, of course, larger than ever this year, and therefore finer. *Syringa pubescens*, with its delicate heliotrope-like flowers; *S. villosa*, "the last to bloom of the true lilacs," with its pale-pink clusters of flowers; and *Lutece*, which Professor Sargent calls "one of the most beautiful of all garden lilacs."

Beside me stands a small English honey-jar of daffodil-yellow china, which not so long ago held honey from the slopes of Hymettus. That honey is gone, but another, quite as sweet, replaces it. This is the honey in the blossoms of five hybrids of the *Philadelphus*, as well as one spray of the kind *Philadelphus coronarius* or the garden syringa. The sweetness of these flowers cannot be known to every one, for to me it seems that some of the Lemoine hybrids are more fragrant, more pungently fragrant than the ordinary kinds. Here is the beautiful long-petalled one called *Boule de Neige*, pure white, as they all are, with flowers so large that they hide the uppermost pair of leaflets. This *Philadelphus* has petals an inch long.

Here is a very small flowered kind, the lovely

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Avalanche, whose tiny flaring petals and little smilax-like leaves give it almost an artificial look. This shrub is not only delightful for planting, but one of the subjects for cutting. With peonies or delphiniums, even with roses, which should seldom have other companions in a bowl or vase, it is perfection, and gives lightness and grace wherever it is placed. Its arching stem helps in this effect, too.

The climax in this little group of sprays is reached, however, as one turns the eye upon Lemoine's *Virginale*. Never, no never, could this be surpassed for delicacy, for beauty. In fragrance I find it slightly lacking — but who would demand that, too, from a flower of such purity, so perfect a flower of so superb a carriage? Seven-and-a-half-inch-wide cup-shaped flowers are borne at the end of each terminal stem, each a white chalice holding a number of smaller petals or petaloids, till in certain ways one is reminded of some of the lovely peony forms which now exist in white. The shrub itself has more white than green when in full bloom. From top to toe it is snowy with flowers. One of ours chances to stand near a fine old bush of rose *Mme. Plantier*, and, except for breadth of flower and a totally different habit of growth, one can hardly tell where the mass of

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white of Virginal ends and that of Mme. Plantier begins.

If one could see me at lilac-time as I wander among the trees small and large, wearing an old leather shooting coat belonging to the head of the house (because of its gorgeous pockets for labels, pencils, catalogues, etc.), and carrying about with me my whole stock of literature of the lilac, it would be to laugh. This printed material is not heavy. Oh that it were heavier! For books should be written on the lilac alone. It is high time.

No, this library of mine on the lilac consists of four American catalogues, large and small; a little essay on the lilac by Barry; an illuminating review of the lilac called "The Latest News about the Lilac," written by John Dunbar of Rochester, for the Florists' Exchange; and eight or ten of those incomparable bulletins of Professor Sargent's on the lilac as grown in the Arnold Arboretum, as well as an article by Mr. T. A. Havemeyer from *The Garden Magazine*. If there is more general literature upon this fascinating shrub than that mentioned here, I am not aware of it; still this is far from asserting that there is no more. Certainly here is a theme for a pen that would dip itself in pure beauty, and it is not only that these plants

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young and old are hung each May with the most glorious flower clusters, or that those flowers are set like delicate flames of pale, pure color at the tops of slender, erect stems; but as one passes among or below them, there is a breath of fragrance which is never, in the open air, too sweet. There is a freshness of sentiment, too, connected with the lilac for Americans, from its early planting in Massachusetts, in Virginia, which is felt in the inmost hearts of our people. The lilac was, says Professor Sargent, a common garden plant here before the end of the eighteenth century, and may have been much earlier.

But no word has yet been said of the beautiful lilacs, not hybrids but species; yet among these are some of the rarest and finest. And certainly one of this last group is *Syringa pubescens*. When first I saw this lilac at Highland Park, Rochester, I stood entranced. Here were what seemed to be not lilac-trees, but trees of an unfamiliar type of pale lavender flower, delicate and fine, whose scent was more that of the heliotrope than of the lilac.

On a still May evening, with a gray sky, as I sit in the midst of our own lilacs in full bloom, the softness of their beauty, ranging from reddish violets through mauves to pinkish, bluish, and creamy

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white, is almost overwhelming. While the color is soft, it is rich, too, and with these lilacs, both older and younger, the lovely flower tones are all made lovelier by a floor of forget-me-not before and below them; by the lovely loose groups, also, of the deep and paler yellow cottage tulips Bouton d'Or and Mrs. Moon. Here on one side of the gravel walk, with two feet of turf at its edge, and beyond a young Delicious apple-tree, is first a young lilac blooming darkly purple, whose name is Milton; then a white, Corinne, another very fine white, Mont Blanc, beyond that the deep violet of Cavour, with the pale-pink Montaigne a bit farther on in the border. Higher than all these and of a pale pinkish lavender, Claude Bernard raises its great blooms, and Mme. Morel, pinkish lavender, early and exceedingly free-blooming, completes the group to the left.

To the right of the green painted wooden arch which ends this upper walk, and across from Montaigne, is Mirabeau in full beauty. This is an early lilac, also of the pure lilac tone. Next this way comes Violetta; and a more superb reddish-violet lilac from every point of view it is impossible to imagine. Danton next, also dark; then a white, next the lovely pink President Fallières, and

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then another Delicious apple-tree, whose petals fall on one like snowflakes now, for the blossoming is nearly over.

Looking from the crossing of the gravel walks, below the four Delicious apples — whose boughs are raised and pleached in the centre over this crossing, to form a green bower — first to the left is Jules Girardin, so blue when held against a pink lilac that it is entrancing. Its neighbor is the enchanting Pasteur, with a strange and rare hue in its buds, such exquisite pale lavender, a lilac of ineffable beauty. Beyond the dusky Marceau lifts its blooms, and Leopold II outdoes all the rest in the great size of its clusters of wine-red flowers.

To the right, looking toward the tea-house, Thunberg's lilac of double flowers, bluish against rich violet buds, appears, then that lilac than which there is none finer, René Jarry-Desloges, a light reddish-violet bud and bluish-lavender flower, then the almost clear pink of *Macrostachya*, with its long, steeplelike blooms, with two nameless clear lavender-blue trees beyond. Along the north and south cross-walks are Mme. A. Buchner, with two glorious lilacs for neighbors, the single Lannes and the rich double President Poincarè. Ellen Wilmott is next the French notable and across the walk

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stands an enormous rounding tree of the single white Vestale. Philemon is next, and then two beauties whose lost labels are a tragedy. In the open orchard and along the boundaries are small bouquets of blooming lilacs, Jean Mace and Le Printemps, *Syringa pubescens*, that beauty of pearly lavender-pink, with its long, tubular bouvardia-like flowers; and Princess Alexandra, its waxen inflorescence made more striking by the rich dark-green of foliage.

Oh how pleasant life is, when one's thoughts can be so much upon flowers! I thought to-day as I came in from the garden with baskets of the darling little Ghislaine de Féligonde rose, and went again to cut moss roses, the dazzling Max Graf, from its cedar post, Doctor Van Fleet, the shell-pink semi-double rose, from a garden arch, and a bloom of the adorable Mary Wallace, that priceless newer one, that I could echo all the rejoicings of Abraham Cowley in his old verses of so long ago. To look upon, to cut, fine roses, to walk in summer air filled with the clean perfume of the mock-orange — it is not given to every one to have these privileges, and I am grateful.

II

DAFFODILS AND A SPRING GARDEN

II

DAFFODILS AND A SPRING GARDEN

NO one who has not visited the annual daffodil shows of the Royal Horticultural Society in London, no one who has not at least read of the crush of people always at these exhibits of one particular flower, can form a just opinion of the present-day enthusiasm for this beauty of the spring. It is with this as with any other flower — indeed, as with fans or rugs or lace or pepper-pots — we only begin to learn as we begin to collect.

Now, with all the daffodil shows thus far held in England — and for years these have been the rule — none, not one, has come up to the standard of excellence of that of April 13, 1922, of the Royal Horticultural Society at Westminster. Among the sensations of that show were *Eucharis*, *Beauty of Radnor*, *John Masefield*, and a hybrid from the late Mrs. R. O. Backhouse, a red-eyed *incomparabilis*. *Eucharis* comes from a firm of Irish daffodil growers, Donard and Coy. It is a pure white daffodil belonging more to the so-called Burbridge class, “a

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class designed to embrace those flowers whose crown development lies half-way between that of *N. poeticus* and that of the *Barrii*. . . . Eucharis gives that impression of clean and vestal freshness which is characteristic of certain other flowers whose white is touched with green, the Niphetos rose, for example, the snowdrop, the spring snowflake, and the stemless evening primrose (*œnothera acaulis*).” Thus writes of this flower one of the most delightful of all modern garden writers, “Somers,” who in New Zealand and in England has dwelt among his daffodils and who hymns them as it is given to few others to do.

John Masefield, a poet daffodil, is also supposed to hover between the poet class and the *Barrii*. Its perianth is entirely white; its eye, bright orange-red. Beauty of Radnor, a giant *incomparabilis* somewhat like Bernardino, has a cup of buff, a white perianth. This was raised by Doctor Lower of Salisbury, who specializes in the raising of white trumpet daffodils. For some of his best of these he asks — and doubtless gets — a hundred guineas a bulb.

It is astonishing to notice the change in one's feelings toward some of the generally cultivated kinds after an acquaintance with these superb new

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hybrids. Daffodils Emperor and Empress are stupid beside them, stupid, commonplace, and dull. King Alfred, for example (though this is now well known), so far surpasses anything yet seen in yellow trumpets as to dwarf those just named. Incidentally, the centre of the great group of daffodils set up by the Irish firm mentioned consisted of a hundred blooms of King Alfred of immense size, on towering stems. If this daffodil would only do for us what it does for the Irish growers! It is too often "blind" in our own borders. Its perfect proportions of perianth and trumpet, its general magnificence of clear yellow color and form make it one of the most striking of the tribe.

But I must quote a sentence or so with regard to one of the exhibitors at this show as tribute to that great hybridizer of the daffodil, Mrs. R. O. Backhouse, whose death is so lamented by all who knew or knew of her. Mr. Guy L. Wilson writes: "Across the alley was Mrs. Backhouse's sensational exhibit of flowers, for the most part arrayed in flaming colors, in one or two instances quite barbaric in effect. One could rarely see the flowers, such a crowd of admirers besieged them all the time. I think Mrs. Backhouse must have a feeling for dramatic effect, and of keen ap-

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preciation of the value of climax from the way in which she unpacked these flowers. She kept quietly putting up one wonder after another, amid a crescendo of superlatives from the onlookers; thinking she had arranged all her flowers, I left her stand, but passing it again a little later, I saw in the centre three flowers which reduced me to incoherent amazement." It was Mrs. Backhouse who was well on the way to producing a red daffodil. Whether one may or may not fancy the idea, this would have been a triumph in hybridizing. And I myself should like for general use, for instance, a red *Barrii*, with a cream-white cup, one more bright pigment for our spring palette of color.

For England and America the Reverend Joseph Jacob has done, through writing, more to popularize the daffodil than any other man. Aside from his excellent little books, "Daffodils" and "Tulips," and the new one, "Hardy Bulbs for Amateurs," his continuous writing in the current English gardening journals gives us the latest daffodil news; and his writing is of the type that really communicates; its warmth, its enthusiasms impart themselves to readers — the high good humor of it, too, is a part of its stimulation; and

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back of all these things are knowledge and long experience. The great names of Peter Barr and of the Reverend G. H. Engleheart are known, too, to all who grow this flower; but Mr. Jacob has done most to spread its fame.

So far as I know, but one organization in this country holds a yearly show of daffodils. This is the Garden Club of Michigan in Detroit. Its members collect regularly, grow the new things in the various classes with the greatest care, show them under the classification rules of the Royal Horticultural Society, and are thus starting, perhaps unconsciously, an educational movement in horticulture which should be developed in all centres where flowers are grown and gardeners congregate. The tulip shows of this same group in Detroit are marvellous for beauty, always built upon the sure foundation of serious study and aim. The tulip show is held in the ballroom of a large hotel, and is free to the public. It goes without saying that a show of tulips must always carry a more dramatic appeal to the general eye than one of daffodils. Color is richer, more varied. But there is a fresh sweetness about the earlier flower, a touching, a poetic quality in its pale beauty, that gives this exhibition a singular charm; and as color-ar-

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rangements are always included, the loveliness of myosotis, forsythia, primrose, grape-hyacinth, mertensia, of fruit blossom, and of the young foliage of Norway maple in baskets or bowls with daffodils, make this flower a strong competitor for honors with the tulip.

So thrilled was I, so thrilled I am over what the daffodil people are doing in England, Ireland, Holland, that it is impossible not to wish for more activity here in this flower. What should be done is this: the garden clubs everywhere should follow the lead of our Michigan one; the members should begin this spring a study of the best daffodils, should in June, not in October, make out and send in their orders for domestic and foreign dealers and growers, and plan a show of daffodils for the spring of next year. The Garden Club of Michigan is ever ready to give help by sending its own rules to interested people; and until we have such beauties in our gardens as Challenger, Firetail, Elfrida Pearson, Ajax, Bernardino (whose praises were last year delightfully and deservedly sung in *The Garden Magazine*), Cleopatra, Weardale Perfection, Norah Pearson, Mrs. W. O. Wolseley, Gypsy Queen, Corot, Cræsus, Red Beacon, to name but a handful of the newer and older varie-

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ties, we do not know the full beauty of one of the ranking flowers of to-day in the finer horticulture.

Lately American gardening has been dealt a dreadful blow by the Federal Horticultural Board at Washington in the announcement that unlimited importation of narcissus bulbs will be permitted only until January, 1926. True, this same order added to the list of bulbs permitted entry until that date several smaller sorts of which for some time the Board has deprived us. For this relief we are grateful; but the loss of the daffodils will be the greatest of all and the most widely felt.

What shall we do without them? On our own small place, where there is no room to lift and store from year to year, the daffodils die out after a time and must be replaced. I can continue to do this, perhaps, under special permit, for I grow but few, chiefly newer sorts. But what is to happen to the French growers whose livelihood depends largely on the American market; and to the American dealers who, unable to secure stocks, will no longer offer daffodils? And, finally, to garden-makers everywhere, who as yet hardly realize what the Federal Board is doing? For this country, say those who know, cannot hope to produce its own daffodil bulbs for many, many years — and mean-

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while? The quarantine regulations of which this bulb order is one, aim to protect our crops against the introduction of new foreign pests. But many authorities assert that the restrictions are unnecessarily severe; and some even contend that, severe as they are, they do not afford the desired protection.

Several circumstances move me to write further here upon the daffodil — the feeling of spring in autumn, the coming barring-out of the daffodil from the United States (just mentioned), and a letter from Mr. Benjamin Y. Morrison, one of our finest amateurs and an authority in horticulture. Mr. Morrison speaks of the work of the Garden Club in Takoma Park, outside of Washington, which has for nine years past had its annual Daffodil Show. Among the newer kinds shown by the members last year were such varieties as Bernardino, Weardale Perfection, White Lady, Czarina, Queen of the North, Jasper, Gloria Mundi, White Queen, Cossack, Michael Angelo, Red Beacon, Sir Galahad, Evangeline, Ruby, Princess Mary, Mme. de Graff, Circlet, Will Scarlet, Epic, Homespun, Croesus, Great Warley, Buttercup, Peter Barr, Mrs. G. H. Barr, and Horace. “And I myself,” writes

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Mr. Morrison, "grew and flowered, either too early or too late for showing, Mermaid, Seville, Discus, Lord Kitchener, Sirdar, Southern Star, Alice Knight, Pedestal, Lady Margaret Boscawen, as well as the more ordinary trumpets, and Challenger itself, and a wonder it is. If you do not know Ruby, Dosoris, and Jasper, you do not know three *Barriis* with brilliant red and orange cups and with prices that are within the reach of most ordinary mortals. To be sure, you do have to import these."

Well, why not import? Bring them in now before it is too late. An order to Holland or England will get bulbs here by the middle of November, which in the latitude of Boston may not be too late for planting, and in that of New York probably will not be so.

In the garden here we try to keep a supply for general grouping of such daffodils as Katherine Spurrell, *Barrii conspicuus*, Lucifer, Cynosure, and other old types. These are not expensive as daffodils go; they are extremely effective with other flowers, though naturally the three last-named, all of which have the touch of orange, are not placed near a pink hyacinth. They have their pretty contrasts through the use of the pale-lavender hyacinth, the yellow single early tulip, or the double

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yellow one; and does anything give more delight in spring than blowing daffodils? Three known examples of daffodil-planting are very illuminating: those great reaches of pale-yellow flowers flowing down the slope before the lovely old manor house, Gravetye, in Sussex, the house of the great William Robinson; the bold massing of daffodils along the edge of a pool on the same estate; and last, the charming composition of daffodil and white birch in the gardens of Warley Place, Miss Willmott's wonderfully planted property. There is, too, uncommon charm in the planting of the same spring flowers called "Suggestion for Informal Marking-off of Grass Spaces" (frontispiece). This picture I commend to the owner of a farm wood-lot which may abut upon his home property. Daffodils, instead of appearing in tight tufts in a grassy dooryard, might flow away under great trees, as these do, with incomparably better effect. Here the groups seem to be informal; but there is an order in their sequence, and the beauty of such planting is undeniable.

The Warley Place planting, of which no picture is given here, is exceedingly delicate. Daffodils star the greensward at the edge of a forest pool under light-stemmed birches. *Narcissus poeticus* is the type used and the effect is indescribably ethereal, poetic. Happily there are now many



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DAFFODILS AT GRAVETYE MANOR

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good examples of such uses of the daffodil in this country; certain ones near Boston, Cincinnati, and Wilmington, Delaware, are notable for their beauty.

Turning now from plantings to a few of the outstanding daffodils at the great London Daffodil Show last April, I think of the interest in the gradual infusion of scarlet into some of these pale flowers. Among the *Barrii* tribe, now possessing a much larger crown than hitherto, and that crown usually very bright in color, a daffodil named Scarlet Cockade seemed to stand out among the rest. This flower has a large, cupped corona, and is very gorgeous. Prince Fushimi "has a beautifully frilled corona in which the yellow color becomes merged into a broad orange margin." Golden Apricot is said, too, to be a delightful daffodil, its cup, also frilled, merging into lemon-color toward the edge. Among the new flowers of various classes, Owen, a *Barrii* with a perianth of primrose yellow and a bright orange crown, was said to have great decorative value because of its very free flowering habit. Beauty of Radnor, a pure-white perianth, with a lemon-colored, orange-edged crown, is a fine new *incomparabilis*; Dulcimer (of charming name) is a poet of exceptionally long and stiff stem, each flower with a little scarlet-

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rimmed crown. Dinton Red, one of the Reverend G. H. Engleheart's new daffodils, made a great impression, with its fiery orange corona and its stout stems, as did his poet, Red Rim. A white daffodil coming in for great praise was Miss Helen O'Hara, a trumpet, very large and fine; and Wide Wing, called by some one a picotee-edged poet's narcissus, had warm commendation.

How attractive are the names given by Mr. Engleheart to his introductions in daffodils, Red Rim, Wide Wing, and how flat and poor was the name of a very good flower shown by one firm at this exhibition, Chaste White Star! We are grateful to those hybridizers who fit out their flowers with good names; and I am again reminded in such matters of the remark of the author of "Studies in Gardening": "Even humorous names are better than dull ones, and the gardener is to be commended who christened a new cucumber 'Tender and True' when he might have called it 'Lord Kitchener' or 'Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman.'"

How many in this country grow the smaller types of daffodil — *Narcissus nanus*, said to be a perfect companion for *Scilla sibirica*; *Narcissus minimus*, the smallest of all; *Narcissus cyclamineus*,



DAFFODILS ON THE EDGE OF THE FORMAL GARDEN AND BELOW OLD PEAR-TREES IN BLOSSOM

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with its long, slender trumpet, its severely recurving perianth, a flower whose form is partly repeated in that beautiful narcissus, Queen of Spain, and whose slim beauty should be in evidence in every rock-garden, or in gardens whose space is very limited and where the beauties of smaller flowers are to be most readily observed and prized? Let those who do not know these charming lesser daffodils make use of their lists, send in their orders, and grow for themselves these infinitely graceful little flowers of spring, as well as the great white trumpets, the vivid orange cups that attract even the less discerning now at every show where the daffodil is the all-engrossing subject. "We have not to ask where *Narcissi* will grow, as there are few places where they will not with the usual garden culture, and in some cool, loamy soils they take to the turf as ducks to water. Hence it is easy on many soils to have a spring garden of these flowers, naturally grouped and massed."

Who that has seen it would hesitate to declare the spring garden of the following paragraphs one of the most beautiful in this country, a country in which, authorities agree, the spring outburst of beauty in gardens may be more lovely than in

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those of any other land? And what an achievement is the garden under discussion when it is realized that it lies in the midst of a city! True, it is in that city whose first legend is fine horticulture, a city renowned not before everything for its commerce, its industries, but, wonderful to relate, for its trees, shrubs, and flowers, above all perhaps, now, for its lilacs.

Under the able and devoted hand of John Dunbar, one of the superintendents of parks of Rochester, New York, the city has become famous for the lilacs of Highland Park and will be even more so when Mr. Dunbar's own hybrid lilacs show what they can do as full-grown trees of flowers. On Lilac Sunday of this last May no less than seventy-five thousand persons visited Highland Park. At the same time about an equal number of people went to the Arnold Arboretum, Boston, for the same gentle purpose. Shall we still say that there is no love of beauty in America?

But while thus near the garden of Miss Edith H. Hale, in this same charming city, we have not yet entered it. And first let me remind those who see this picture that this garden had its origin in its owner's mind because of the rows of ancient pear-trees which stood upon her ground. Beneath

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those white-blooming boughs she saw that garden as you see it here, but before it really was. My own first reaction to it, as I gazed at it in full beauty some years ago, was that it reflected the teachings of my own adored preceptress, Miss Gertrude Jekyll; and this may have been partly because of the lavish use of the fine yellow tulip *retroflexa*, known to be a favorite of that most gifted gardener and writer on gardens. Certainly, too, the long walk with pears in full bloom over all kinds of spring flowers in the borders below suggests the lovely aspect of Miss Jekyll's own nut walk in spring at Munstead Wood; though in that case the trees are hazels, which have been pleached, in their young green, and here the lack of pleaching is quite supplied by the loveliness of pear blossom.

Back of Miss Hale's house is a piece of almost level ground, perhaps two hundred feet square. As one looks toward this, it is through a long line of old maple-trees, fronted by a row of the pear-trees which have long been in their places. Below these trees of various kinds is a marvellous spring array of daffodils bordered by myosotis. At right angles to a walk which skirts this beauty in spring flowers is a formal spring garden. Here are two long parallel beds of flowers, whose nearer

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and farther edges are shadowed by lines of pears; a central walk leading to a pergola; to the left of and some distance from the pergola another pretty shelter or arbor, and close below that a pool on whose brink are early flowers, with irises and hollyhocks to follow, a finely disposed planting of spring and summer subjects. Back of the pergola stand Lombardy poplars to testify by their young green that spring is come; and two outer walks parallel to the central one bound the long beds of the garden, and to the right give another delightful opportunity for planting on either edge, a chance that has been made the most of there. The grass, perfectly kept, lends itself as a foil between walks and flower borders and forms panels of quiet green.

In the central walk leading to the pergola it will be interesting to consider the occupants of the low, flowery border; these are mainly tulip *Retroflexa*, with its lovely yellow, rising from mounds of hardy candytuft. But this is May's bloom only. In June appear irises of various colors and varieties in these very places; these are followed in August by white phloxes, a stronger repetition of the candytuft, and reminiscent of that spring effect; and in September and October the Japanese anemone, both tall white and lower pink, shines in these

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borders. For July bloom here Miss Hale plants annuals between the groups of candytuft, often making use of petunia Rosy Morn.

In the long walk, with pear-trees above white and yellow spring bloom, dwarf pink rambler roses assert themselves in June; peonies and delphiniums follow these, and the arrangement is repeated on the other side of the walk. Added to all the beauty of pear blossoms, the pale yellow and pale blue of tulip and of myosotis, when I saw this garden on a sweet May morning it was all aglow with the flowering of huge shrubs of forsythia. These showers of yellow bloom were the loveliest companions for the white-veiled pear-trees; and the sky-blue of forget-me-not along the ground, the white of the iberis, were all the clearer and more effective by contrast.

Miss Jekyll, in a recent note, mentions such an arrangement, "a grouping of white and pale yellow, with a gently contrasting ground of pale blue." (The flowers are the poetaz hybrid narcissus Elvira with palest yellow bunch primroses, and tulips White Swan and Moonlight, followed by tulip *Retroflexa*.) "The ground work of primroses runs into one of the pale-blue *Myosotis dissitiflora* toward the front, and the two grounds mingle, not mixed

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up, but joining like the intermingling of two streams of ravelled thread. A patch of alyssum (hardy) is the strongest yellow here. The forget-me-not trickles into a front drift of pale aubretia to meet patches of double arabis. The aubretia darkens in color and joins a further front planting of a rich purple *Viola gracilis*, backed by some little bushes of the purple-leaved sage, one of the most useful of the background plants of the spring garden."

Near arbor and pool is a nice juxtaposition of hollyhock and iris foliage, the myosotis not only overhanging clear water, as in its native place, but delicately trailing away into the grass. Here is, too, a lesson against discouragement in city gardening: the roofs of dwellings beyond the pear-trees, a chimney or two through poplars. What Miss Hale has done can be repeated elsewhere, given, of course, the will to create, the devotion to and skill in gardening, to which these charming results amply testify.

I have used many words, but is not this garden seen in A. E. Housman's lines?

"The plum broke forth in green,
The pear stood high and snowed."

III

FLOWERING TREES AND SHRUBS OF SPRING

III

FLOWERING TREES AND SHRUBS OF SPRING

AMERICA, this happy country, should fall upon her knees with thanksgiving for her flowering trees of spring. The Englishman may think himself equally happy with his hawthorns, his cherries; the Italian with the background of his country of lovely color, his almond and his olive; the Frenchman with the delicacy of his spring landscape pierced by the poplar; the Japanese with his profusion of pink and lavender bloom, his cherry, his wisteria — but who of all those has the spread of white dogwood, the flush of pink dogwood along his mountainsides, and, in April, who has the shimmer of the shadbush and the rose of the Judas-tree as the spring flows over this land? In all the world are any greens comparable to the greens of the New England May: the blue-greens of its waters; the black-greens of its cedars; the young greens of its white birches? Add to these the high lights of the spray of its brooks and falls,

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the foam of its white flowers, cherries and plums all set against the delicate blue distances of shoulder upon shoulder of hills and mountains.

A short time after deciding upon the subject of spring-flowering trees for one of these chronicles, I found myself on a bright April day travelling eastward in Tennessee, travelling through such beauty as only the Southern States can show in April. For, up each country road from the car window were almost regular lines of dark cedars, old pointed trees, while an occasional dogwood lay like a drift of snow against the ivy-green of cedar. Bouquets of the redbud, too, were here among the woodland's young and misty greens, while the greenish yellow of sassafras leaf-buds added yet another color to the picture. Everywhere on high ground where was good drainage, the dogwood's white loveliness was seen against the blue April sky, and an occasional swamp-maple in full flower gave with its carmine glow a hint of autumn in the spring.

These red cedars of Tennessee, slim, round, pear-shaped, what a rich look they give to the landscape, what possibilities they suggest as backgrounds for other flowering things! It may seem fantastic, but many of these colonies of cedars have

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a human look to me. They stand like silent people, quiet, sombre, observing, along the roadside or about the hills. They remind one of that charming passage from Miss Cather's inimitable tale of pioneer life, "My Ántonia": "Trees were so rare in that country, and they had to make such a hard fight to grow, that we used to feel anxious about them, and visit them as if they were persons."

There are few such glimpses of color, however, in flowering trees as are to be found in the gardens, both old and new, about Richmond. One of the newer ones has so filled my eye with delight that I must set down here its impression on me. It is the garden of Mrs. George Cole Scott — really two formal small gardens beside each other, one a most wonderfully colorful entrance-room, as I may call it, to the terrace giving on the end of the French house which it adjoins. Through rose arches one enters the first brick-paved, box-edged garden, which is really the most daring spring garden that I have ever seen. Masses of pink double-flowering cherries are outside its box hedges, with magnolias shining between the cherries.

As one looks down the garden on the right one sees two or three rather dark-leaved Japanese maples, with a perfect group of young pink dogwood

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in full flower between them. Who has seen before these two things used together, the pink dogwood and that maple? Not I. But here is a venture in color entirely successful, and as boldly used as it is possible for color to be. For here, too, is *Azalea amœna* with its bright magenta, and here is *Magnolia soulangeana* with its large, cool, pink cups. The golden cushions of the flowers of the mahonia, the various accents of golden-leaved box, above all the white dogwood beyond and the knots of lavender Darwin tulips below, temper this blaze of brightness, and bring all these vivid hues together into a brilliant tapestry of color almost dazzling one with the temerity shown in their use. In this glowing setting stand two or three sculptured figures on ivy-wreathed pedestals. Below the pink cherries and magnolias, with a box-hedge before them, the borders are closely packed with opening tulips, pale-pink to claret color, with pearl-white irises blooming near.

In this garden is shown that to bring this beauty of flowering trees into the garden, even into the little garden, is not hard to-day. On the large estate it is simple, because of plenty of room. And nowhere is the tree and shrub collection finer than at Aldenham House, where Mr. Vicary Gibbs has

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brought together so many rare examples and given them such perfect care. I can hardly believe, however, that any sight on these English acres could be finer or more effective than that which was vouchsafed me at Doctor David Fairchild's enchanting place, In the Woods, near Washington, last April. Here were countless varieties of the Japanese cherry, pure-white, pale to deep pink, single-flowered, double-flowered, round-headed trees, fastigiate trees, all in full beauty, bouquets or pillars of bloom. These were now and then set against dark cedars, but so placed as to give an entirely naturalistic effect. The whole was a poem of spring, a woodland place where charm was at every turn enhanced by those who knew so well how to deal with such a spot.

Here is a delightful outburst from a gardening friend:

“Two nice things in shrubs I have had this year. A mass of forsythia against evergreens and high over all cherry-trees — forty feet of sunny bloom; and a magnificent specimen of *Magnolia stellata*, fifteen feet high and almost as broad at the foot of the angle of two slopes breaking against the high box-hedge on the top of one slope and against the high stone wall of the kitchen garden on the other.

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Both the forsythia and the magnolia were in full perfection of bloom at the same time. It was ravishing."

A practical hint: there is always room in the smallest piece of ground for one flowering cherry, though it must be perhaps one of the small type; and there is at least one nurseryman in America who specializes in these trees, while many sell a few varieties. But my advice to any reader who may covet such things is: buy seed, and grow these from seed. I say grow these from seed, because this has been my own practice; and now after eight or nine years *Prunus subhirtella*, *Prunus serrulata*, are fine upstanding specimens, some twelve to fifteen feet high, all that can be desired.

This slight discussion shall proceed with a page from my note-book of two years ago. "I sit before a dream of beauty in white and pink; in the foreground a five-year-old Sargent's crab some six feet high in almost white bloom; as a background for that, the cool pink of an old broad low tree of *Malus floribunda* also at the height of its spring magnificence, not a leaf visible on either tree — nothing but wreaths and clouds of white and rose-color. To the left a great bank of lilacs is dripping with heavy bloom, and to the right the grass

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grows white with apple-blossom petals. Above, below, all the freshness of spring greens, and over all the blue of a May sky. In all directions, as I look through the orchard, are roofs and eaves of white bloom, and here and there, between apple trunks, masses of pale and deep mauve lilacs are seen. No May was ever fairer or more flowery than this. But over one spring-flowering shrub my gardener's heart is always apprehensive; it is the pink double-flowering almond, that most delicious rose-pink flower of May, *Prunus glandulosa*, the flowering almond; for this beauty of the spring, with its rich crimson buds, its soft double pink flowers along the boughs, seldom escapes a freeze. However, use it, plant it, cherish it. One year of bloom is worth ten of injury by cold. Grow below it muscari, Heavenly Blue, as I have elsewhere suggested; and not far away do not fail to arrange some easy plantings of the new single early tulip Prosperity. Among the tulips nothing could be a more enchanting foil for both higher and lower flowers than a clear bluish lavender hyacinth, and the very best hyacinth for the purpose is Enchantress."

One of the best bulb lists of this country has a brief introduction on planting for color. These hy-

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acinths are suggested for planting beyond each other: Enchantress, Schotel, Perle Brilliante, General van der Heyden, Grand Maitre, and King of the Blues. The use of such would give a charming transition of color from warmer to cooler lavenders, the latter almost blues. For nice pink plantings in hyacinths, use General de Wet, Lady Derby, Queen Wilhelmina, and Marconi. Three beautiful hyacinths verging on yellow are Primrose Perfection, City of Haarlem, and Buff Beauty. And with these and the bluish hyacinths a tempting list of good daffodils is given as companions in flowers for the lavender and yellow ones named above.

All bulbs everywhere were, I believe, more than usually fine during the spring just past, that of 1924; and the following note on hyacinths coming from southern Spain, I saw lately in *The Garden* (London): "The heavy rainfall we have had this winter in the south of Spain has evidently suited hyacinths. Two years ago I planted one hundred bulbs, which were left in the ground during the summer and received no attention beyond a light top-dressing this autumn. This spring these one hundred bulbs produced two hundred and seventy-three blooms, of which half were full size. Hyacinths planted last autumn were exceptionally free-

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flowering, and I counted one hundred and six and one hundred and three bells on single stalks of the variety Queen of the Blues; all the bells were perfectly developed, except about a dozen at the top of each spike which had a slightly green tinge. Hyacinths begin to bloom here about the middle of February and last about five weeks if we have not dry weather, and seven weeks if cloudy with some rain."

IV

JUNE FLOWERS AND GRASS

IV

JUNE FLOWERS AND GRASS

IN eight places this year in our garden rise the delicate gray-white flowers of the valerian. Wherever these occur, whether among green phloxes, sea hollies, delphiniums, or standing clear-cut against the hedges or the clipped arbor vitæ, they lend grace to the garden, a grace that is all their own. This flower is to the June garden what gypsophila is to that of early August; and between these two white-blooming things in time of appearance, we have *Clematis recta* to take up the tale. A suggestion here: that valerian and *Clematis recta*, both tall when well established, should be planted next each other for this effect of delicacy, this foamlike look. The gray of the valerian, succeeded by the cream-white of the bush clematis, would be equally good near colored flowers.

As I look now across the garden in late evening light, I see these good gray-white valerian groups with the purple perennial campanula before them and *Cerastium tomentosum* (snow-in-summer) spreading its white mounds below. To the

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left of these, across narrow grass walks, and in the beds nearest the pool, are pillars of the Dropmore anchusa in fullest, brightest blue; below those iris Sherwin-Wright's clear chrome-yellow; and below that again, great, purple rounds of the cranesbill, *Geranium grandiflorum*. These have much low green as foreground and also *Stachys lanata* and the blue lyme grass as gray-leaved foils. All this outburst of color, yet the gayest has not yet been mentioned; it is the paler and deeper flame of Oriental poppies, which in four places in the garden now shines forth; Princess Victoria Louise, Mrs. Perry for the lighter tones; Cerise Beauty, that deeper-colored one from Farr, with a stem as straight as the valerian's own, a priceless poppy for dazzling effect in the garden.

But is there nothing more to see than this? Leaving the garden one can wander toward the peony corner, where some of the best of all peonies are open to the sun: here is Mme. Auguste Dessert with its matchless pink and lovely form; here is Thérèse, that sumptuous, shell-pink flower; Venus, on lofty stems; Gloire de Charles Gombault, with its strange, tufted crown and tones of sulphur and of pink combined; La Rosière, so beautiful in its round, roselike outlines and color; Le Cygne like

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the white-feathered bird whose name it bears; Walter Faxon, to me now the loveliest of all pink peonies; Marie Lemoine, that glorious white, with its fine, upstanding bloom and collar of yellow tint entirely from the glowing stamens. Countless others there are, and how to choose was the question before the advent of Mrs. Harding's capital guide, "Peonies in the Little Garden," without which I should neither buy nor plant. But when all is said, I believe Thérèse holds the palm among peonies for striking appearance. The translucence of its fair full petals is seen not only in pictures; it is actual in the sunlit flower. The blooms cover the plant, really may be said to roof it. The effect draws all to the blooming plant, while, as in Venus, the separate flowers would be better seen if not too close to each other and against a background of green. Still this luxuriance of bloom, this crowding wealth of pink petal of Thérèse carries its own great interest and makes the peony a great achievement of the French grower.

If every one knew how wonderfully peonies develop after cutting, how flawless is their beauty when the flowers are opened indoors where bee or rain does not corrupt, I believe every peony would

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henceforth be picked in the loose-bud stage. In intense heat this last June I carried, as I often do when forced to leave the garden at a time when I long to stay, a dozen just-opening peonies with me to New York. They had been cut at evening, placed in water over-night, were well packed, and for five days after I reached my destination grew in size and loveliness with each morning.

In years long gone I often visited a brilliant aunt, a woman devoted to the older forms of the Presbyterian church. As Saturday night came, from the tables of library and drawing-room novels and romances disappeared as if by magic, daily papers went with them, and in their places lay religious books and journals, the *New York Observer*, *The Presbyterian*, with mute suggestion in their presence. Confessing that this seemed to "myself when young" a rather barren outlook, I realize to-day that it was a wise and fine thing to mark that day, Sunday, as different. And now, as I see what we do in the garden to set it in order for Sunday for our own pleasure or for the pleasure of others, there seems to me another sort of holiness in the atmosphere — perhaps a pagan holiness, in spite of the apparent fighting of the two words — a holiness of beauty. Grass-edges are cut, hedges

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clipped, lawns and grass walks sheared close, gravel raked, yellowing leaves snipped away as well as faded flowers, till in the Saturday evening twilight there is an air of exquisite order, fit to confirm the saying that that and that alone is Heaven's first law. And perhaps this Sunday look is all the more precious because it is fleeting. By Monday grass edges have put on a slightly tousled air; tiny weeds in the gravel walks have developed into rosettes of green; the grass, oh, the grass, has left its lovely level look and in tufts and ridges cries aloud for the subduing knife. And speaking of grass, I cannot but pass on for the reader's delectation this part of a letter lately received from "Somers," that knowing and agreeable writer in *The Garden* (London):

"I am going this year to adopt all the labor-saving devices I can think of — no annuals, not even sweet peas, except the one large clump for which the plants are nearly ready — no celery, a mere sprinkling of potatoes. My *pièces de résistance* are to be hollyhocks and Canterbury-bells, which are most of them already in position. My ideal is a garden where I could deter or encourage by a frown or a smile, but I suppose you cannot have that even in America, where arrangements

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are so much more ideal than they are here. My greatest grievance, however, is the grass. It *will* keep growing. No sooner is it shaven than it bristles again with a fresh growth, like hirsute man, which explains perhaps the dark saying that all flesh is grass. Do you bother with grass in America? You are so inventive — have you not invented yet a substitute for grass? It seems to me easy enough for a notional person like Edison — a linoleum with a plush surface that would stand sun and rain. My grass is already asking to be mowed, but so far I have only rolled it. I sometimes think (and say to the boy chiefly concerned), that if it were not for grass, life might be worth living. I hope you and your family are well, and, in spite of grass, enjoying to the full the delights of existence.”

Returning from grass to flowers, a novelty in perennials to me this year, though it has been two years in the same spot, not showing its distinction till now, is *Gypsophila Maungini*. It is a native of Mongolia, and there will be astonishment when I say that it is like an annual *gypsophila* grown four feet tall. Do not jump to the conclusion that this height makes it straggly — not at all. There is the lightest, most delicate cloud of bloom in the garden from these plants for at

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least a fortnight before *paniculata* and the double form come into flower. The leaves of *Gypsophila maungini* are very bluish, glaucous, and on only the lower part of the plant. At the back of a border, nothing would be finer than to see this airy and light gypsophila, with its small, white flowers, near some great plants of *cephalaria*, these last holding high in the air their scabiosalike, lemon-colored flowers. I know these two would be charming together; below them a group of the pale-yellow, annual sun-flower, Sutton's Primrose Queen, would create harmony in type of plant, and yet a contrast, too. How beautiful all these might be with a late-blooming, pale-blue delphinium near by; yet *Belladonna* in this garden was long since past and gone. There are ways, however, in which to retard delphinium bloom, as spring cutting-back at just the right moment could not hurt plants, and would result in flowers when needed most.

These reflections bring this other. Why not a garden entirely of pale yellows and lavenders and violets? The flowers of spring leap to the mind's eye as one thinks of this: primroses, daffodils, tulips, the violas in the same tones, and pansies; the hardy alyssum in pale yellow, Sutton's Silver Queen, the aubrietias in lavender and purple, *Nepeta*

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musini, that beautiful lavender perennial which I have never seen in such quantity or used to so fine effect as in Mrs. Arthur Curtiss James's garden at Newport. In June Canterbury-bells and columbines, both in two colors; irises, thermopsis, the early *Hemerocallis citrina* and four other varieties flowering in succession, will carry the yellow bloom of this flower on into July, late July, when the efficient zinnia, the lovely annual sunflower Primrose Queen, pale yellow stocks all accompanied by statice, in tones of violet, annual asters, purple petunias, *Salvia virgata nemorosa*, will lead the color into that great time of the Michaelmas Daisy than which no better comes to the garden. And it may well be observed here that in few gardens are the improved varieties of this beautiful plant given the space they deserve. So interesting are these in form and color that they shall have here later some special consideration.

But by no flowers are the ideas of purity and tranquillity so embodied as by that flower of June, the water-lily. These lovely qualities endear the flower to gardeners, and its highly decorative form and gentle colors make it a thing indispensable to gardens of any importance. From Latour Marliac, of Temple-sur-Lot, France, to Mr. G. H. Pring, of

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our own Missouri Botanical Garden at St. Louis, men have been working in the hybridizing of this beautiful garden subject; until to-day the *Nymphæa* has reached a true eminence of beauty.

Water-lilies from various countries have been used in these hybridizings; from Upper Egypt the blue *Nymphæa stellata*, and from Zanzibar another blue, as well as the blue forms found at the Cape and in Australia. America, says William Tricker, is the only country in which white, yellow, and pink flowered kinds are native. The Cape Cod water-lily is the pink; *N. tuberosa* the white of the Western lakes; in Florida are found *N. flava*, the yellow, and the large *N. odorata*, var. *gigantea*. The first crossings by Latour Marliac were between the English white water-lily, the Cape Cod pink, and the Florida yellow. The results astonished the world of horticulture. Yet to-day, in those of Gurney and Pring, we have subjects still further to amaze and delight those who cultivate or watch this superb flower.

For the growing of water-lilies, Mr. Tricker's cultural directions in the fourth volume of Bailey's Cyclopedia have the same effect on me as Sydney Smith's recipe for salad-dressing with its glowing conclusion: "'Twould tempt the dying anchorite

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to eat." Why is it that, set forth by an enthusiast, hard things seem easy? Mr. Tricker is bound up in water-lilies, as is Mr. Wister, for instance, in the iris, Mrs. Harding in the peony, Mr. Jacob in the daffodil and the tulip; when we listen too often to these devotees we are in imminent peril of becoming plant specialists ourselves. Who that grows anything, however, but will feel a slight pang of horticultural envy as he looks upon N. August Koch, Mr. Pring's hybrid of 1922, "flowers seven to eight inches across, fragrant and blooming for four or five days in August, sepals purplish lilac, petals pale wisteria violet, or upon that of N. Henry Shaw, a flower of light campanula blue, or on our enchantingly presented flower of Mrs. G. H. Pring, the first hybrid tropical white day-flowering water-lily?" What a list of attributes is here! And what poetry in this picture! All is there—the still darkness of water carrying so softly on its surface the pure and chiselled flower. There is an Oriental calm in this particular photograph. It is a triumph in pictures of flowers.

The enveloping spell of this beauty, however, must not keep me from a word or two on the habits of water-lilies. Those of the Missouri Botanical



By courtesy of the Missouri Botanic Gardens

“MRS. G. H. PRING.” A POETIC PICTURE OF A POETIC FLOWER

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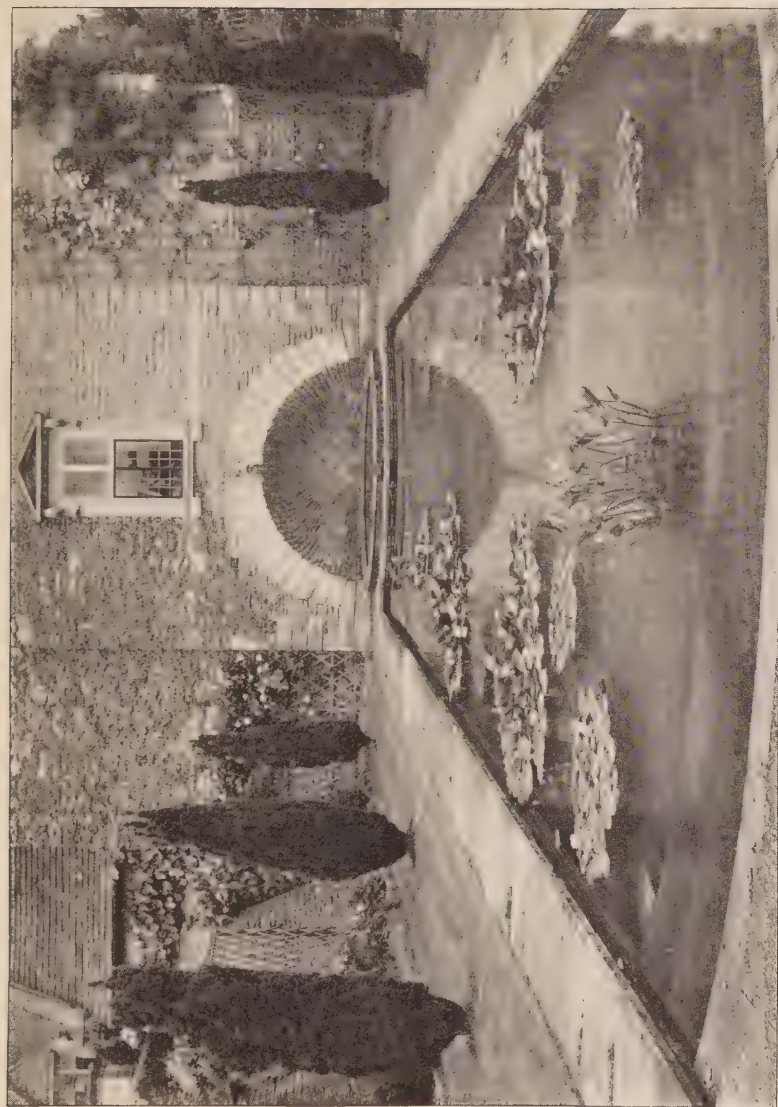
Garden are perennials, due to the following treatment. In October the roots are dug from the ponds or water-gardens, dried off in greenhouses at a temperature of 50 degrees Fahrenheit, cleaned and put into dry sand till February or March. At that time the tubers are put in pots, the pots into tanks of water from 70 to 75 degrees Fahrenheit, and in May the roots or tubers are placed in the ponds, there to remain throughout the summer. This treatment is only for nocturnal lilies.

The variety in color of lilies is now surprising. The variety in behavior of these flowers, in their habits, is of great interest, too. Here they are, night-blooming and day-blooming; the flowers of every species open and close at a particular time each day, so that in a pond with eighteen or twenty kinds there is some change taking place at almost all hours. Each flower opens for from one or two to five or seven successive days (or nights), being about an hour later to open and an hour earlier to close on its first than on subsequent days. Mr. Pring says that on a bright August day in St. Louis the day-blooming lilies are wide from seven in the morning to the same hour of the evening; the night-blooming flowers open at sunset and do not close till ten the next morning. On cloudy

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days the nocturnal lilies like the *Ipomœa* or Morning-glory do not close at all.

The picture of a water-garden shows here the manner in which the water-lily and other aquatic plants may be used as decorative subjects. In this wall-fountain and pool below the gable of a house in England, the use of the water-lily is exceedingly good. The centre of the water is left unobstructed by lily-pads, that the full beauty of the bridgelike reflection and the perpendicular lines of the house walls may be seen. The disposition of lily-plants here is almost perfect. But I am not sure that I like the taller aquatic plant at the nearer end. This, however, may be needed in view of what is seen from the fountain end of the pool or basin. What a fine composition this is, and what must it not be from the window above the water! It carries charming suggestion for a small space where water is available; and, with its yews or junipers, its trellised roses — that delicate pattern of the trellis and its creeper — above all, with the distinguished interest of its architectural part, it is an illustration which one would do well to store away in memory's note-book.



From a photograph copyrighted by R. A. Malby

A FORMAL LILY-PPOOL

V

CEDARS, CRABS, AND UPRIGHT-
GROWING FLOWERS

V

CEDARS, CRABS, AND UPRIGHT- GROWING FLOWERS

NO month is better than the month of April in which to wander northward through the States of Tennessee and Kentucky. It is the time of peach-blossom. Has any one noticed or set down the minor fact that the dwellers in little houses, either isolated or in hamlets in these mountains, have a tremendous penchant for sky-blue paint? Almost every small white house in the region has its porch rails, its eaves, decked out in myosotis blue. Each little white blue-edged house has, too, its veil of pink in blooming peach-tree, and sometimes the effect is indescribably gay. Occasionally the rich pink of the peach is neighbored by the white of plum or cherry; nothing is more picturesque, more sweetly fresh than these bouquets of early spring in the mountains or valleys of these two States. Tennessee from Nashville to Chattanooga has almost come to mean to me a rosy peach-tree and a cedar against a blue mountain; sometimes again the miracle of the peach against the cedar, both

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backed by the distant blue, is the adorable sight that meets the eye; and then I do not need Rappallo, or the Sicilian slopes in spring.

Around Nashville limestone is the ready foundation for cedar-trees; they flourish exceedingly there. It has remained, however, for Mrs. George Weeks Hale, of Belle Meade Park at Nashville, to conduct the red cedar gently but firmly into her own garden, whose first characteristic, apart from some very fine old trees on the place, is the abundant planting of cedars. Groups of native cedars used as screens or to give richness and depth to certain spots; cedars used as accents in the garden beyond, and, as a green climax, one tall, fine cedar-tree at the far end of a paved walk whose axis lies in the centre of a delightful circular garden for irises, the tree standing beyond the north rim of this garden. The paved walk is perhaps fifty feet long; wide borders on either side are backed by a hedge of euonymus in shrub form, standard wisterias bloom above peonies and other hardy things in the borders, and beautiful globe-shaped specimens of arbovitæ flank both entrances at the end of the walk nearest the house. To the left of the circular garden a walk through a little copse leads to an exedra made of the limestone of the region. This seat

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faces a wild garden and bird bath, and will in time be shaded by dogwoods and redbuds as those trees grow. Beyond the copse the open sunlit lawn, when I saw this place in mid-April, was streaming with yellow daffodils, long drifts and reaches of them, with the shadows of bare boughs of hickories and of maples lying across the flowers. At once I was reminded of Gravetye; the daffodils naturalized were in such rich profusion and set in a way to please our great Anglo-Saxon authority on naturalistic gardening, if he could have seen them. As I said, the time at which I saw this garden was mid-April, that time when all is significant, all is about to be, the loveliest time of spring. To see the rosy colors of the sunset of early spring from beside a little marble fountain set in a carpet of hyacinths, daffodils, pansies, and to gaze into those skies through the pink bloom of a Japanese cherry with the dark cedars as a foil, was the very poetry of spring. This garden has been done without outside advice, but with the most devoted study of the owner herself. I consider it one of the few successful places entirely planned and planted by an amateur. It has true charm and much variety. Mrs. Hale's success in transplanting cedars is perhaps the marked feature of the garden.

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Every one knows how easy it is to lose a never-transplanted cedar of any size; but this undaunted gardener chose the spots on the lovely hills of her region where colonies of cedars had established themselves in clay; these she found would move the best; and through hard work and intense persistence her house has now the thick, rich greens of the Italian cypress as a setting; her garden has the poignant depth of background and of strong, outstanding contours of this beautiful native tree, the red cedar.

Coming now to Michigan, the first color in our own garden here is that splendid iris of Wallace's, Blue Boy, so-called because of its very bluish beard. It is an exceedingly early *germanica* of medium height, with enormous deep violet flowers. After a bad spring, cold and dry, it opened its buds here as early as May 20 this year. I wish I had erigeron flowering beside it, and shall hope for such an arrangement of purple and gold another season. Foxglove, another late spring or early summer flower, was absent from our beds and borders this year; and a great loss, too; for this slender and aspiring flower, those charming mauve or white "fingers" ranged so marvellously up the stalk, give great beauty to any garden. Would that we were

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able to secure seed of a white foxglove warranted to come true. We might then indulge in just such plantings as one at Gravetye, where the dazzling purity of these flowers shows forth so well against the green of hedge and shrub.

Malus floribunda, that flowering crab with the ruby buds, has been this year a great sight, a cloud of deepest pink amid the early greens of other trees. How easy it is when one is full of years and experience to realize all one should have done in planting! A few of these fine crabs should have place wherever there is room for them; and one should never be without Parkman's crab, Arnold's crab, Sargent's crab, and others of this remarkable group of small low-hung trees of flowers. With a background of spruce or cedar they are dazzling; yet there is a charming picture that I recall of one of those splendidly spreading crabs in flower just below and to the right of a very shapely old elm in the border of a fine lawn; the variety in tree forms there is very beautifully shown, and where space abounds the crabs form delightful spring foregrounds for taller tree groups. I believe this picture was made at Holm Lea, the estate at Brookline renowned for its noble planting.

In the planning, in which I have had some part,

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of ground about a public school, we have used three of Parkman's crabs near the good-looking building of brick with trimmings of light stone. The two doorways, very graceful tall ones, which divide the front of the building into thirds or nearly so, are framed by Lombardy poplars, and, very close against the wall, a line of French lilacs encircles the building close to the foundation. Between the lilacs are spireas (*Vanhouttei*) and before these two, *Hydrangea arborescens*. Below all these shrubs is a low hedge of Thunberg's barberry, kept well clipped. In the three grass panels before the building stand the spring-flowering crabs mentioned. This, in the poorest part of our town, a new factory addition, is our most beautiful school building and around that our choicest public planting. A suitability here — a special need for beauty in the public ground where, for a time at least, it cannot but be absent from the private.

"There is," says a certain college president, "hostility between beauty and crowds." Might not the very well-thought-out and beautiful planting of school grounds in America become a thing with which to bridge this hostility? It is a commonplace that children and young people are always susceptible to what is beautiful, and the

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planting of the ground about a school exerts an influence for all that is good, if that planting is as suitable and charming as a planting can be. As for the rural school, and speaking for the type in my own county, it is usually the only barren, ugly spot in the landscape. Neither shrub nor tree appears beside these small white, naked buildings; yet there is chance here for instruction of a high order.

But, turning once more to detail, wherein lies the fascinating quality of plant groups where many perpendicular stems rise together? Is it in repetition of line? in contrast of mass with background? or, as sometimes occurs, of nearly upright stems with the level lines of water? I cannot tell. But a certain charm lingers about such effects, and one sees how tremendously effective many fine, upright stems may be, rising from mounds of leaves entirely in proportion to the whole.

As I write I am looking at a picture of an English heath garden, given for suggestion to readers of the Pacific Northwest, of the mountainous regions of the Middle South — though some of the *ericaceæ* do well in New England. And while these plants, most of them, are low in stature, their gen-

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eral characteristic in the matter of habit of growth is that of the lavender, the loosestrife, and certain varieties of sage. Take lavender, Munstead lavender, for instance; it has those spiky stems of flowers, curving a little as they rise; *Salvia virgata nemorosa* has somewhat the same manner of growth, though the well-established plant is taller than lavender; and in the illustration see the loosestrife by the water's edge. Line and form of all these plants just named suggest each other.

For several years we had a beautiful loosestrife in the garden here, *Lythrum roseum*, Perry's Variety. Its bright, mauve flowers were a delight to the eye. But as the plants aged and especially in a dry season, the lower leaves refused to stay green. They turned first yellow, and then, horror of horrors in conjunction with the bloom above, bright scarlet. This was not to be tolerated, and soon the places that had known the loosestrife knew them no more. The reason for the misbehavior of my loosestrife was not far to seek. The plants were in ground far too dry for a bog or waterside subject.

The mulleins belong to the tribe of upright-growing flowers. What a change has been made by the hybridizer in this weed of the American

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fields, fitting it for the pleasure-ground, as he has done! The inflorescence of the common mullein is comparatively thin, sparse; but see now how flower after flower ascends these stems of our plant; notice how finely those velvet leaves dispose themselves below the nearly upright flower stems. A nice passage on the mulleins in Bailey is this: "The mulleins are very easily cultivated, adapting themselves to almost any soil except a wet, cold one. In America the name mullein calls to mind the common weed, *Verbascum thapsus*, but that same weed, if massed in the wild border, is a very showy plant and gives a tall, columnar effect which is very pleasing when contrasted with looser, more open growing plants, such as larkspur, wild asters, and goldenrods." Another feature of the mulleins which makes them valuable in border plantings is the generally predominating gray-green of the foliage, in fact of the whole plant, which contrasts with the bright or dark green foliage about it.

Rarely does the mullein reproduce true in hybridizing, but very fine varieties are almost certain to result under the practice. Bailey lists forty-one varieties, species, and hybrids, but the most beautiful and striking for garden use are *olympicum*,

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phæniceum, *Chairii*, *nigrum*, *phlonioides*, *pannosum* and *copreum*. The flowers of *phæniceum* are better where there is a little shade. Mr. A. J. McSelf gives the names of some wonderful varieties of these mulleins or *Verbascums* as now used in English gardens, and dwells on the imposing effects they give when well placed. "In the background would naturally be towering masses of such giants as *V. olympicum* and the large-flowered hybrids, Harkness Giant, Miss Willmott, and *V. longifolium* and its woolly-leaved variety, *pannosum*. Before the yellow columns of these six to eight feet or more monsters we would group the rich terra-cotta hybrid Caledonia, J. M. Burnie, and several others of this class. Greater variety of color would be introduced by interspersing varieties of the species *phæniceum*, of which there are purples, rosy pinks, lilacs, and pure-white. *V. Wiedemannianum* would stand out among its neighbors, with its three-foot spikes of dark, almost indigo flowers, which turn a wine-purple as they age; and further variety might be provided by dotting here and there a plant of *V. thapsus*, with its big flannel-like leaves of a hoary whiteness." These sentences make one long for a garden in Connecticut in some farming country where one sees the common mullein flourish along

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the roadsides; here what glorious borders might one be sure of, what magnificent summer pictures, with space for great plants such as these planted in bold profusion, and in such a sequence as the words above suggest!

Mr. A. E. Thatcher, of Bar Harbor, in writing of his experience with the beautiful mullein Miss Willmott, says that seedlings planted out there in spring all bloomed gloriously the following summer, clothed for half their six to seven foot height with large white flowers. This, notwithstanding the fact that they had weathered a winter when the thermometer fell to twenty below zero. All the plants, however, "died after flowering." Mrs. Sedgwick, in *The Garden Month by Month*, names four varieties of tall mulleins, the dark, the long-leaved Italian, the nettle-leaved Olympian, and purple.

But now to the *Tritoma* and the *Sisyrinchium*. Not nearly common enough is the use of the *tritoma* in our gardens. To look at the picture of these in Miss Waterfield's own garden at Nackington, near Canterbury, as shown in "Garden Colour," is enough to make one sigh for them for one's own borders. There two great groups appear with flame-red flowers in full sun, flanking a broad

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grass walk, and forming the entrance to a dark grove of pine. "They revel," says Miss Waterfield, "in the open position in the sun and rear their strong, vivid spikes to the sky, burning like torches. Their color is a wonderful blending of yellow, rose, and orange, with a mysterious bloom thrown over all these brilliant shades." As possible companions for these, kniphofias, or red-hot poker (though by that ugly if descriptive name I for one will not call them), tall blue thistles are suggested, or the cotton thistle, *Onopordon*; and the blue lyme-grass, *Elymus glaucus*, as well as *Hyacinthus candicans*. These, to be sure, are interesting combinations. But where one has the space and the trees, let him use this magnificent hardy plant in the artist's manner, against dark evergreens or copper beeches, or with *Rosa rubrifolia*'s rich bronze beyond it; or, again, near the darkest-leaved of all Japanese maples. So bold, so tall, so glowing is the kniphofia that its companion flowers seem weak beside it. It seems to demand as a foil the presence of a foliage at once permanent and strong.

The satinflower, *Sisyrinchium striatum*, as seen at Munstead Wood, is a charming subject. This plant has other common names, blue-eyed grass

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and rush-lily. Eight kinds are given by Bailey, who declares the flower to be little known as a horticultural subject. No one who has seen it there will deny its beauty as grown by one of our great English authorities in gardening. Its flowers are white and nicely placed upon slender, upright stems, and one hundred and fifty species of it are known, all of them American. They are very easy to grow in a good garden soil, and are hardy and half-hardy perennials. My only specimen of the family was given me by Professor Sargent out of his own borders at Holm Lea. It was a small plant with flowers of delicate greenish white, so lovely in texture and color that one could easily see the fitness of "satin" as applied to it. Many fine varieties are listed in the catalogue of Perry's Hardy Plant Farm, Enfield, Middlesex, England, and those who feel a desire to grow the plant should write to Washington for permission to import. How pleasant to make a collection of satinflowers — and how amusing, since they are all American, to have to send to England for the greater number of kinds! Let us get them home again by all means, these lovely wandering things that really belong in our gardens.

In thinking of upright-growing flowers, I think,

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too, of the *Eremurus*; and this reminds me of a pretty sight. In that most beautiful garden of J. Franklin McFadden, Radnor Valley Farm, Rosemont, near Philadelphia (a garden unsurpassed by any in this country), I saw in spring an unexpected group of *Eremuri* at the corner of one of the charming divisions into which one at least of the terraces seemed naturally to fall. Here were intervening walls of arbor-vitæ with arched openings, making for themselves on both sides of the garden quiet outdoor rooms, and dividing this terrace into almost separate smaller gardens, each different, each holding the quality of mystery as one approached it. In one of these green rooms, blooming among other things, the *Eremurus* was used to remarkable advantage, and how could one forget, in thinking of that place, the little marble lambkin lying asleep on the grass near this flower-group? A quaintly fanciful touch that brought a smile as one looked at lamb and flowers together — one, too, that, as its owner humorously declares, has not really the suggestion of a German garden because of the old Venetian well-head in the centre of this same green room.

VI

SEATS AND STEPS IN THE
GARDEN

VI

SEATS AND STEPS IN THE GARDEN

A SUBJECT too seldom considered is rest in the garden. In almost all of our books our writers dwell on work; and it is true that before rest there must be work; before the garden is a fit place in which to dwell with pleasure there must have been much thought, much labor spent upon its planning and planting. That is true of all finished beautiful things, and it is particularly true of the garden, one of whose objectives is a place of quiet, a place of enjoyment, a place, as Sir William Eden says, "to walk in and be free."

Since resting is not always got by pacing leisurely up and down a green alley — which is the picture given to me by those few words quoted above — let us think of pleasant spots in which to sit in gardens. How many differing kinds there are! There is the seat with the view, that place in which the eye sees hills and mountains, with valleys and villages between; there is the coign of vantage for a seat or bench from which the sitter sees the work

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of his own hands, the lovely flowering garden he has made; there is the resting-place beneath great trees on the lawn, oftener found in England than elsewhere, where the family gathers for tea at five, where wicker chairs and rugs are used by young and old alike, while tea and strawberries go round. Do you remember Henry James's lovely picture of such a scene in the "Portrait of a Lady"? There is the tiny French garden so charmingly described in Fletcher Steele's book, "Design in the Little Garden," where the family almost lives, and there is the small garden in America, in which under a little bower of rambler roses, perhaps, or beneath the shading friendly apple-tree the mother sits with book or work while the children play near by.

A sitting-place in another type of small garden is well exemplified by the bench above stone steps in the small sunken garden, seen at one of the great London flower shows last year. For an exhibition garden this has an astonishing degree of quiet, of restfulness, and I lay this to its nice proportions and to its entire simplicity. The flowers are charmingly used above the walls, and the delicate design of the long pool or basin is exceedingly good, with slightly bowed ends making a suggestion which some of us would do well to follow. The seat here,

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raised, easily reached, affords its occupant a *coup d'œil* of the whole little garden. Whoever sits there sees a little picture in stone, in water, in flower color. Why do we not give such a small view more consideration in planning our gardens — the seat on the higher level, the bench at the end of a well-planted walk, the general view of the garden as a whole?

The seat in a like situation on a terrace in the picture of the beautiful canal garden at Hallingbury Place is another, though a grander, example of this overlooking of a garden. Incidentally the planting here has been done with consummate skill, irises, aubrietias, and polyanthus primroses, the blooming things of the moment, all perhaps in mauves, violets, and pale yellows. The massing, the grouping of plants and shrubs is remarkably fine and one may well study the outlines of such an arrangement for light for one's own plantings. This, of course, is a sumptuous garden, one available to the few. But such gardens have many beauties. Among them is the delightful sun-dial at Sedgwick, in yet another photograph, opposite page 92, with the interesting sitting-places at its base. Here is a spot whence a large view is to be had. He who lingers upon the seat to the right

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and that to the farther side may look through that gateway of clipped yew beyond two hedges to a wide English countryside. This whole garden is a piece of superb designing, and affectionately kept.

Then, in gardens, there is the sitting-place which is led up to. Such is the little pavilion or garden-house in Miss Jekyll's nut walk at Munstead Wood, where one strolls below the pleached boughs of the hazelnut, with an embroidery of spring color at one's feet in the famous Munstead primroses of pale yellow or cream-white, to the quiet seclusion or resting-place of the small roofed structure at the far end of the walk.

No garden sitting-place could be more interesting than that in which I sit as I write these lines. It is a stone tea-house much on the order of the one just mentioned. It is built of the sandstone of northern Georgia, in those lovely ochres, cream colors, and almost violets that such stone affords. It is roofed with dull violet and green slates which make it at once a part of the distance beyond it, and from it one sees in one direction two beautifully designed and paved terrace gardens, in another an upward-sloping meadow topped with pines, and in a third a long glade flanked on one side by terraced rose gardens, on the other by pine



From a photograph copyrighted by R. A. Malby

A SUNKEN GARDEN AT HALLINGBURY PLACE WITH DELIGHTFUL RESTING-PLACES ON THE UPPER TERRACE

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woods, all leading the eye to blue hills beyond. Here is a place from which all kinds of out-of-door beauty may be seen and enjoyed. It might be a bit of England in Georgia, and the upright and flowing junipers in the paved gardens give an especial look of age. It might easily be Surrey, except that possibly in Surrey the soil lacks the vivid red of Georgia's clay in this region.

Of what use is the garden sitting-place, however, unless one can look from it upon a restful garden or a not too dramatic prospect? And what is it that makes a garden quiet? First of all, good design — be sure of that. Do not trust yourself in this unless you have had training. Turn to landscape architects, to books. "Nothing is more astonishing than the ease with which educated people who would frankly admit their inability to lay bricks, for instance, because they had not been taught, will take it for granted that they can, without any special knowledge, satisfactorily lay out their own gardens and, permission granted, their neighbors' also."

An English writer on the subject of restfulness in the garden declares that the concave curve is the restful thing. He points out that a sunken garden gives the feeling of quiet, that as a rule the

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level garden is more restful than the hillside one. Too much color may make a garden sitting-place anything but quiet; discordant color may well bring on delirium!

But recurring once more to what I may call the inlook of the garden — if I may coin a word — I would advocate, at all costs, privacy in the garden, the planning of the garden for that end mainly. The best use of a garden, when all is said, is its use by the individual, the family. It must be the place of quiet, the place in which to get away from “servants and furniture,” as “Elizabeth” says (that phrase haunts me and I believe I have company here), that spot to which we may retreat from everything that bothers, the place in which we may sit to think and, looking, look on greenness. Except for the charm of the garden picture from the house, I could wish that all gardens were well walled or screened away from their houses. There is little peace in houses, we know that, but in an out-of-door spot, off from house sounds, house talk, house doings, in the fresh air, with sun and shade about one, and flower color, too, with the little natural sounds to hear, those of birds, bees, water, there can be the delicious sensation of rest and quiet, the chance for contemplation. And



From a photograph copyrighted by R. A. Malby

AT SEDGWICK IS A SIMPLE BUT DECORATIVE SUN DIAL WITH SEATS AT ITS BASE

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then the charming nearness of handsome flowers, the play of slanting sunlight on lilies, for example, or on a rose in full beauty; what an experience it is to see these!

Never will you see them, however, unless you sit and sit alone. Only thus shall you feel and enjoy fully all the beauty before and around you. Plan, therefore, to make your garden a place for withdrawal, perhaps "a green thought in a green shade." If the whole garden cannot be secluded, perhaps a bit of it may be reserved, a sort of private box for yourself.

"Changing levels," says Mr. Walter Godfrey in his book, "Gardens in the Making," "constitute the garden's cadence, and the steps and stairways form the bridge by which we descend from the highest to the lowest note of its song."

Two pictures of steps that vary in type are given here facing pages 94 and 96: one of semicircular steps, in the gardens of Earlham Hall, Norwich, England; the other from lawn to garden of a place in the very heart of the city of Pittsburgh. All, so it seems to me, are excellent examples of what can be done to make the cadence beautiful; and very seldom has stone been better used in a natu-

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ralistic manner than as shown in the picture of the Pittsburgh garden, opposite page 96. Who would dream that these were steps from the main avenue or roadway of the property to the garden's bright borders? How well the little stairway melts into the ground, the lower part taking on the semblance of an outcropping of the limestone of that region; and how charmingly these steps are planted with rock plants — not overdone — plenty of room for ascending and descending — and all most easy and agreeable to traverse, as I, who have walked there, can assert!

How much depends upon the perfection of steps in or from a garden. The proportion, first, of the treads and risers — all-important this; the material as related to the garden itself, to the house if near, to the locality; the grace of general design, width in proportion to the height to be mounted, and so on. As a general rule, where long flights of steps are a necessity, the staircase is supposed to be narrow, though fine examples exist where a gradual widening occurs as one descends; conversely, and as in the steps at Earlham Hall, in the illustration opposite this page, the slight difference in level calls for wide and shallow steps. The idea of a curve in the angle of this low wall is ingenious and pretty.



From a photograph copyrighted by R. A. Malby

STEPS IN THE GARDENS OF EARLHAM COURT

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In this picture an agreeable restraint is used in the way of plants. The stone is used with unaffected simplicity. Angles are not specially matched; yet there is just enough growth of small green on the side toward the beholder to break the lines which might easily give a feeling of bareness. It is impossible not to mention while considering this picture, too, the easy width of the green walk, the delightful mounting of plants in the broad flower border, and the comfortable look of the low house nestling as few houses anywhere can be said to do, among its soft yet radiant surroundings of trees and flowers, seeming, in fact, to have grown as naturally in its place as its rich background of trees, and its nice foreground of color in garden subjects.

In only one of these flights of garden steps is there a marked use of plants—in that of the Pittsburgh garden. A variety of thyme strongly urged for use in such places is the Corsican thyme, *Mentha requienii*. It has a particularly delicious scent when trod upon.

It is well to give here Miss Agar's proportion for terrace steps to provide easy walking: "From eleven and one-half to twelve-inch tread and six-inch rise makes the best proportion. Rise and tread multiplied together should be between seventy and eighty inches; thus, a five-inch rise would

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give a tread of fourteen or fourteen and one-half inches. A six-and-one-half inch rise, a tread of eleven inches, or a foot. Below four and over seven and one-half inches cannot be made comfortable for use or appearance. Steps occurring to break long, sloping paths may be made with any tread that is required, care being taken to make each tread definitely for an exact number of strides, taking a stride at thirty inches."

A third illustration gives us the grand style. In the gardens of the great Italian villas the stairways and groups of steps still serve as the finest models for important gardens of to-day. The picture — made by a traveller before he knew it was forbidden to photograph in the gardens of the Villa d'Este — shows the long ascending stairway to the villa from the gardens. So beautifully to scale the precipice, so masterfully to connect the villa above with the gardens below shows forth the genius of those architects of the Renaissance. "The villa towers above so high and bare, the descent from terrace to terrace is so long and steep, there are such depths of mystery in the infinite green distances and in the cypress-shaded pools of the lower garden, that one has a sense of awe, rather than of pleasure, in descending from one level to another of darkly rustling green."



A GARDEN IN PITTSBURGH SHOWING A DESCENT THAT IS SIMPLICITY ITSELF

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Steps offer charming decorative chances. Balls of stone, finials of the same material, well-designed vases or urns for important steps, low bowls of pottery filled with growing flowers in the gay, coquettish garden where there is much green as a background for this — all these things may be used to accent the upper and lower points of a flight of steps, or on side walls supporting short flights. Those vases on the low balustrade of the Villa d'Este — how beautifully they interrupt the long, low line of the balustrade, how delightful are their round shapes in contrast to the angles of pedestal and wall. Even the aloes in each vase seem to have taken on some likeness of their dim surroundings and to belong in the category of old, forgotten, far-off things. I like it that they should not be perfect here.

In garden steps there should always be ramps, side supports, of stone or brick; no foliage, be it never so heavy or thick, can take the place of guarding walls for steps, and this applies even to those in groups of threes or fives. Vines should partly conceal the extra masonry entailed by this; drooping shrubs might break a too stony expanse. In thinking further, I like to mention that charming device seen occasionally in English and Ameri-

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can gardens (derived, I believe, from Italy, where this was done in brick), of the circular descent by means of grass steps. Where there is a rise of, say, three feet, between two gardens, or in an open space of green, a few grass steps may be made thus: the upper ones concave in line from the upper level half-way down; after that other steps, convex, create an easy and pretty descent. Thus there results half-way down the slope a perfect circle of green turf, on which a dial or a garden ornament of a similar nature may not be out of place.

One of these circular descents with grass steps occurs in a small but beautifully designed garden some three miles from our dwelling. The effect is entirely lovely; and even in our hot summers the occasional sprinkling of such a spot, admittedly susceptible to burning by the sun, makes such a device practicable. All honor to those landscape architects and gardeners, who unafraid make use of such ideas, who bring into their gardens a freshness through the use of the fine suggestion of an older time. For grass steps are not new; those of St. Catherine's Court near Bath, known to all landscape gardeners, bear testimony here.

If we take up such a book as Miss Jekyll's "Garden Ornament," and turn to the marvellous illus-



A GARDEN STAIRWAY IN THE GRAND MANNER. GARDENS OF THE VILLA
D'ESTE, TIVOLI

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trations under the heading of "Steps and Balustrades," we need not make serious mistakes in our gardens. Here all types of garden stairways may be seen, from the stately and important ones leading from the equally stately and important house, to the simpler, shorter group of steps, such, for instance, as those in the picture called "Steps to a Wide Landing," in a garden in Cumberland. That garden's owner is fortunate whose property so lies that steps are a necessary adjunct to his garden; he has then the opportunity through touches of architectural line and likeness of materials for one of those beautiful tyings-up of house and garden which give a harmony more felt than seen in garden-making.

The common thing to-day is to see houses set up from the ground a few feet, a restless feeling resulting. For this there are of course practical reasons. We raise the house on a stone or brick or cement foundation; we then try to repair the mischief of ugliness by masking the foundation walls with green. And this business of masking is fearfully overdone to-day also. A nice effect, however, may often be had in the warmer parts of the country by arranging entrance-floors of houses and garden-floors, if I may be allowed that

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word, on the same level. No steps are needed, none appear. The effect then is exceedingly simple and intimate. The house seems less detached, the garden nearer. Any expedient which can draw these two closer to each other, any well-made scheme to emphasize the unity of house and garden, is certain to add not only to the joy of living but to the picturesque in both architecture and landscape architecture.

It has been easy to write a brief in favor of steps to and from the garden; it seems quite as simple, as one considers the matter, to write another urging no steps at all. There are chances for patterns in level gardens; there one may throw out rectangles, parallelograms, without let or hindrance; one may even rush wildly into curves, if angles seem too commonplace. And with level ground, too, what fine effects of sky-line may be created by the use of smaller and larger trees — what good substitutes for differences in ground-level are often had from the skilled mind and hand of the man or woman who builds gardens beautifully! Steps or no steps, it all resolves itself finally into the one thing — a garden may have charm and beauty on any site, in any place.

VII

THE GLADIOLUS, THE
CLEMATIS, THE DELPHINIUM

VII

THE GLADIOLUS, THE CLEMATIS, THE DELPHINIUM

THE beauty and the number of varieties of the gladiolus tribe are ever increasing, and now I may most properly let my gladiolus joys be known. When I read of the gladiolus in such words as those of Mr. J. L. Gibson of Crawley Down, Sussex, I am always freshly stirred by the beauty of this marvel among flowers. "If ever flower possessed the virtue of beauty, of stark, eye-convincing, fragrant beauty, surely it is the gladiolus." Mr. Gibson writes thus of his first sight of gladiolus Byron L. Smith: "This morning as its first flower opened I stared at this strange creature as if it had dropped from unknown realms. It seemed unworldly and unreal, a bit of color so unexpected, so ethereal, so ungladioluslike. . . . The pigmentation looks so fragile and fugitive that it might spirit itself away as you look at it. The lower segments, too, are adorned with relatively large, ghostly yellow blotches which seem to give the last unreal

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touch to this wonderful flower." All perfectly true. Byron L. Smith is a most beautiful creation, and its value for some of us is enhanced because of our knowledge of the fine man for whom it was named and of his deep interest in horticulture.

Turning now, however, to some of the newer varieties, let me name and describe a few others sent me last year by their growers, all of them men of the Middle West. ‘

Jap Lady — what an ugly name — was a wonderfully interesting flower in color, its general effect a dark, pinkish lavender. Carmen Sylva is one of the purest, most lilylike flowers in existence, and Gold Yellow, sufficiently described by its very poor name, is a great beauty. A group of primulinus hybrids was simply enchanting; these were as yet only numbered, not named. No. 36 was of such a pink! Begonia-rose to rose-red (Ridgway), the flower a magnificent seedling, in one of those rich, warm pinks, with the suggestion of buff throughout; like velvet in texture, and with four or five blooms open at once on a fine straight stem. Triton was rarely fine, of a clear rose-red, with a broad white throat. Comte de Montormes, eugenia-red to amaranth-purple, was one of those beautiful dusky flowers of French origin — somewhat on the

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order of the very fine John T. Pirie, so perfect for use with delphiniums. Comte de Montormes has in itself a delicious color combination, and its place in the garden, too, is with pale-blue delphinium. General Kouropatkine is a rich blackish red, a remarkably deep and striking flower.

Now for a few numbered seedlings from a great grower who has produced, in Sovereign, Kalamazoo, and Martha Washington, varieties of immense interest. No. 274, which I should like to see named Coral Reef, is of rose doré and geranium-pink, with a pale-yellow throat and carmine markings, a gladiolus of a deep coral-pink with six or seven flowers open at a time along the stem. This is a rarely beautiful thing. I considered 494 superb: a shrimp-pink and pale straw-colored flower, the hues so suffused as to give an effect of warm buff. The throat here was pale yellow with broad, conspicuous markings of carmine or red; seven flowers were in bloom at once. No. 116 was of pale Hortense-violet, a tall, fine spike of good flowers, five open at once. This reminded me of the old Badenia, that lavender gladiolus which bade fair to be so useful, but which went suddenly out of commerce. The new one looks strong and should take the other's place. It is very beautiful used with No.

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375, a delicious sulphur-yellow, a loosely-cut flower, whose markings of deep yellow and lavender are not troublesome. No. 149, of eosine-pink, was a small, gay flower of rounded form with bright throat markings of rose-red. This gladiolus is extremely pretty and conspicuous, with six flowers open at once. The flower of 148 is as velvety as rose Hoosier Beauty and of about the same color, with seven blooms expanded at once. This was carmine throughout, rich and fine in texture.

One of the gladioli which had most piqued my curiosity was Virginia Hale. This I took into the garden with a number of others, proceeding to push the spike down into moist earth where it would look best in association with other flowers. (With long stems on the gladiolus this is a very easy matter; and it is really the only way to get actual knowledge of combined effects.) Virginia Hale, a flower of most delicate coral-pink and primrose-yellow, was delightful back of a finely flowering plant or so of heuchera, of the coral color of the type. Also the same gladiolus above ageratum, and a deep-violet verbena near the ageratum was nice; the same gladiolus was entrancing, yes, just that, placed near low lavender-blue flowering bushes of Lemoine's clematis Campanile; but on

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this combination I should not expatiate, for this clematis is not in commerce — at least not on this side of the Atlantic Ocean.

A beauteous gladiolus, Mrs. William E. Clark, I found perfect before and below *Artemisia vulgaris*, var. *lactiflora*; the buff tones of the gladiolus, with its rich crimson throat-markings, seemed the very complement of the light and graceful creamy flowers of the artemisia. This gladiolus, Mrs. Clark, was also delightful with the unobtainable clematis mentioned above. Naturally both Mrs. Clark and Virginia Hale are most charming with *Salvia azurea*; but what is not?

For a gorgeous effect of rich rose colors, let me commend the use of gladiolus Indian Maid, below the handsome late phlox Rheinlander, with deep rose-pink zinnias near by. An almost startling effect of color through the use of this same gladiolus is to be had when violet petunias are near, and so, too, when those have next them that verbena called Beauty of Oxford, of a dazzling rose; not the softer pink of the old Beauty of Oxford verbena as it was known ten or fifteen years ago, when phlox Pantheon was its perfect match in hue. Indian Maid, with phlox Mme. Paul Dutrie (always a late phlox) and *Salvia azurea*, make a charming group;

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the gladiolus is a true rose-pink and makes a fine companion for all pink dwarf rambler roses, with the possible exception of Tausendschön, which is almost too delicate to allow of anything but *Limonium latifolium* (sea-lavender) near it at this time of the year — late August.

But how beautiful are the hybrids of *Gladiolus primulinus* which come under notice now! Casilda, in the Ridgway chart, geranium-pink to La France pink, is a strikingly lovely warm pink flower, very broad, with a brighter carmine stripe on the lower petals. This is a remarkably fine flower. Pomona has on a ground of ivory-yellow (all of these color names are Ridgway's) a suffusion of alizarine-pink. The upper petals are uncommonly long and pointed, and each petal of the flower has a broken stripe in its centre of a very bright old rose. The color effect of this flower is lovely, its form very distinct. Seedling No. 41 is a wonderful flower of begonia-rose, paling slightly toward the centre and with the centre of the petals striped with the same color in a deeper tone. The violet anthers here make a fascinating contrast of color. Primulinus seedling No. 20 is one of the most interesting gladioli I have ever seen; lovely in cool pink color, with tiny markings as if done

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under the microscope with a camel's-hair brush — exquisite pencillings of darker or lighter pink.

Mercedes is one of the enchanting members of the gladiolus family. If one knows the waxen pink and cream beauty of the apple Liveland Raspberry, he can see in imagination the brilliant hues of Mercedes. The tips of all petals are of bright begonia-rose, and all the rest is white. This is a bold yet charming flower, quite as striking as Mrs. Frank Pendleton. I held Mercedes beside that apple; the tones were repeated from fruit to flower; and then with two or three short stalks of Mercedes cut, and standing among a few twists of deep violet petunias, with one lighter branch of *Limonium latifolium*, we had a rich bowlful of flower color, and flower form as well.

The gladiolus may often be used most effectively to produce an aftercrop of fine flowers in the peony border. Delightful effects may be achieved with strong peony stems and leaves to support the upright gladiolus in bloom, and to give to its rather uninteresting lower parts a nice cover of rich green foliage. Schwaben, the good yellow, would be good for such a place, or possibly one of the fiery reds which are descendants of Princeps. Better still, however, would be the

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use together of two colors among the peony leaves; then one might really establish an interesting band of flowers in a suitable setting. A gladiolus to use alone with the peony plants is Mrs. H. A. Caesar, whose flower has the effect of some rare orchid. It has much distinction of form and color, a good stiff stem, and as last year I held it over ageratum and deep-violet verbenas in the garden, I could but plan to grow it with those annuals another season. Its catalogue description is "a beautiful lavender shading to lilac, with a yellow dash in the lower petals." This flower is the child of Sunbeam and America and is most truly a beauty. Also it has from five to eight flowers open up the stem at the same time — a beautiful sight, you will agree.

Sunbeam, one of the parents of Mrs. H. A. Caesar just mentioned, is a *primulinus* hybrid, "a clear yellow with a long, slender spike." Annie May attracts me mightily through its picture in one of the new seed lists. I cannot fancy its name; why are such foolish names given to flowers? Namers should remember that strangers cannot see, do not know, the possibly (but probably not) bewitching child for whom a given flower is called. Do I sound testy? I hope not. But we suffer to-day from a flow of poor names from the illiter-

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ate or careless grower, and amateurs who see words, names, as either charming or repellent, should see to it that handsome plants and flowers receive the appellations that fit their looks. How slight a matter! Yes, but one of those ever-recurring chances to improve. Mr. A. Clutton-Brock, in his delightful "Studies in Gardening," one of the most thoughtful garden books ever written, characterizes the custom of naming flowers for people "a very dull one," and thinks it should be discouraged, with which I am in hearty agreement, except where the idea is to honor the great botanist, the great horticulturist.

Would that all who read these words would make a horticultural vow to try many new gladioli this year; to venture forth into untried plantings of these fine newer flowers with the perennials and annuals that already flourish in their borders! Leave most of the older, familiar sorts to the beginner, and experiment with novelties not only for the good of gardening in general, but for your own.

My experiences with the large-flowering clematis would depress, if they did not amuse me! How often have I seen, to use Mr. E. A. Bowles's delightful expression, their labels become their tomb-

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stones. As we plant and watch these, we are all more or less like the artist in "Don Quixote" who, when asked what he was painting, modestly answered: "That is as it may turn out." Yet how ravishing are these same clematises when a kind fate lets them climb and bloom; and what beauty there is in the various forms of late-blooming kinds, of the large-flowering clematis, the lime-loving clematis, the small-flowering types of this marvellous garden subject.

And first let me speak of the photograph opposite this page, coming later to a certain one of the clematis family for which my affection grows ever and ever stronger with the seasons, *Clematis lemoinei* Campanile.

As I open my Bailey I am a trifle oppressed by the length of the list of varieties. Fifty are mentioned there, among them *Clematis lanuginosa*, the large-flowering one. The lanuginosa type is shown by the illustration of the named variety, opposite this page, Sir Garnet Wolseley, whose flower has a bluish-red ground with a plum bar down the centre of each petal. But the plant on this order best known to Americans is one of the first hybrids from George Jackman of England, the rich violet *Clematis jackmani*.



From a photograph copyrighted by R. A. Malby

A BEAUTIFUL CLEMATIS, SIR GARNET WOLSELEY, OF THE LANGUINOSA SPECIES. THE FLOWERS ARE A
BLUISH RED, WITH A PLUM-COLORED BAR DOWN THE CENTRE OF EACH PETAL

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For the reason that they are the ones most generally distributed — and are we not all in the hands of the nurserymen? — the three varieties of the clematis most commonly known to us in America to-day are *C. paniculata*, *C. jackmani*, and *C. recta*. These in their respective fields are beauties; but how many know *C. tangutica*, *C. montana*, all the lovely things that so rampantly or so modestly grow over our fences or in our borders, all the range of color from lavender-blue to palest yellow in their flowers? The large-flowering type, probably because it is so conspicuous, interests more generally than the smaller-flowering ones.

Some seven named varieties of the large-flowering clematis are available to-day for our gardens. These are *jackmani*, single, deep purple, usually seen, I regret to add, in the countryside, growing against a house wall of reddish-orange brick; Duchess of Edinburgh, double white; *C. henryi*, a single white; Madame Edouard André, single, velvety red; Madame Baron Veillard, rose; Ramona, light lavender; Ville de Lyon, carmine. A word or two on the cultivation of these may be well.

Plant the large-flowering clematises in late October with their crowns three inches beneath rich, well-drained soil on western exposure. They feel

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and are hurt by too hot a midday sun. Clematises need a good deal of water, but there should be no dripping upon them from roofs. And when the plants are set out, it is highly important that they be pruned to the ground in order that sound, strong shoots may be produced in spring. These hints are from an experienced nurseryman, almost in his own words taken from a letter. But try as one may with clematis, work as one will to give it what it seems to need, the large-flowering types are unreliable in our part of the country. They are wilful. They may choose to flourish exceedingly, or they may die the most sudden and unlooked-for of deaths from that mysterious disease of the clematis, well known to growers, for which no remedy has yet been found.

For pruning — always a delicate question with such plants — we have the authority of Mr. A. J. Jackman, of the great British firm who, writing in *The Garden* (London), gives this invaluable advice: “All clematises need some pruning, and this should be done in February (probably with us, in America, in March or early April), after the severe frosts are over, and the buds commence to show signs of swelling. It is impossible to mention special varieties where they are so numerous, but speaking gen-

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erally, all spring-flowering varieties of the *azurea*, *florida*, *anemoniflora*, and *calycina* types which flower from the old wood, only require to have the weak, straggling, or overcrowded branches removed. In the case of the rampant-growing varieties, such as *Clematis montana*, it is a good plan to cut back hard some of the branches each year to encourage new growths from the base, and so prevent the plants from getting out of control and becoming large and unsightly.

“The large summer-flowering varieties of the *lanuginosa* type are not so rampant as the autumn bloomers, so it is often necessary only to prune back the weak or dead branches to strong breaking eyes, though where they do well they may be cut back to within two pairs of axillary buds.

“The late autumn-flowering varieties of the *jackmani* and *viticella* types, which flower in profusion from the young summer shoots, require to be pruned hard to within two pairs of axillary buds, to encourage the development of vigorous young shoots, while the small-flowering varieties of the *viorna*, *wokingensis*, *aromatica*, and *erecta* types require the shoots cut back as far as they annually die down.”

But I have dwelt too long upon the large-flower-

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ing clematises, and will only say further that it would add materially to my own garden pleasures if I could see that new snow-white clematis, The Bride, one of Jackman's novelties, and Perle d'Azur, another of a very bluish color. But how to get such plants past the difficult Washington inspection of to-day — difficult, I mean, for delicate, quickly-drying roots like these, roots for which too long a delay means death — that is the question.

Two fine clematises must now have a word, two that are very different from the large-flowering kinds. One of them is of what Mr. Jackman calls the rampant-growing type. It is clematis Ina Dwyer, of which I first heard from Mr. W. C. Egan, that remarkable amateur so well known to American gardeners. This clematis can now be procured from a nurseryman near Boston. In our garden beds it stands in four places, and while the large-flowering or *lanuginosa* types, such as Madame Edouard André and *jackmani*, must with us be coddled and coaxed, this other clematis really grows out of bounds in a week. No bean-vine develops faster. And then the sturdiness of these stems and leaves, the beauty of the thousands of purple-tipped white flowers when they appear in August!

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The other is that beauty of Lemoine's, *Clematis lemoinei* Campanile. It is herbaceous and in bush form. So strong is the growth of our few plants each spring that we are able to take bits from our roots and transplant for further stock of it. Even when out of bloom it is a handsome plant; in bloom no words are fit for its proper praise. The clear lavender of its hyacinth-like flowers is one of its charms, the wealth of its inflorescence is another. Taking as an instance one fairly filled stem of this clematis, I once counted the number of flowers on three three-inch and two one-inch stems from the axils of one pair of leaves only. There were thirty-seven florets here, and this was a rather thinly furnished branch. One cannot imagine a plant more floriferous than this in the way of a September-flowering garden subject. Each little bough of the plant for two of its three feet of height is clothed from the top of the stems with these singularly lovely and really fragrant flowers in rich clusters; so heavy is each branch with bloom that it droops under the pretty burden; and these are two-year-old plants from root divisions of our own. This clematis can be bought directly from V. Lemoine and Sons, Nancy, France, with the proper arrangements for foreign buying and inspection first to be

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made with the Federal Horticultural Board, Department of Agriculture, Washington. The French firm would be the one to say whether or no the plants would bear the journey and the possible Washington delays.

One important matter to remember in connection with the cultivating of clematises is that they really require some shade for their roots. They do well set among other plants, though with some room, of course, for themselves. Planting in unsuitable positions, says one writer on the subject, is responsible for the vast majority of failures. A well-drained soil, a western exposure for choice, so that they do not receive the whole force of a hot sun in summer, shade about the roots and lower branches, plenty of water, some lime in the earth, if possible, and careful pruning, and one has all the requisites for good clematis-growing. Let us call upon our nurserymen in this country to grow and propagate more species, more varieties. Let us study the best decorative uses of this glorious tribe of climbers and bush forms for our gardens. Let us always and ever avoid what seems to many English gardeners good, the use of the clematis as a mask or cloak for old or dead trees. For in such growings there is always the effect of a plant-

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struggle to the death, and no garden peace whatever in the suggestion. But over and above all that, let us grow the clematis in its many enchanting forms, and in its remarkable succession of bloom during one season.

Here is a racy bit of writing from that diverting book of Mrs. Cran's, "The Garden of Ignorance": "The garden is getting really charming now, and he is more and more interested in it and plans wonderful combinations, but he used to be continually brought up short by the extreme untrustworthiness of catalogues in all matters of color. When the boys were home for the holidays, they were always tearing over on bicycles, and catching me in the garden to say, 'Oh, if you please, dad wants to know if *Iris stylosa* is really sky-blue as the books say, and whether *Anemone fulgens* really blazes?' Then I would say, 'Tell him the iris isn't the least blue, but perfectly pure lilac, and the anemone blazes like a bonfire.' 'Thanks awfully,' and they would be off. It *was* quaint."

In two important gardening journals, one English, the other American, I have lately seen articles on blue flowers. One, headed "Select Blue Flowers," names some ten varieties of flowers, calling

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them blue, when "in my feeble opinion" only one of them is or can be of that color. Do any who read these words consider the platycodon blue, or the scabiosa, the lupine, phlox Canada, *Salvia virgata nemorosa*? If so, their eyes need to be opened by establishing for themselves the true colors of these flowers through the Ridgway chart. One flower of the long English list is probably a true example of the hue; it, is *Lindelofia spectabilis*, the Himalayan hound's-tongue; and, while this is unknown to me, its relative, *Cynoglossum amabile*, is of so clear a sky-blue that the color must surely persist in other members of the family.

The American list is if anything wilder than the English, for its compiler begins with this remark: "One often hears that blue flowers are rare, but I believe there are more blue flowers than of any other color." Happy is the gardener who has faith in such an assertion! But as one reads on and sees to one's consternation that hyacinths, phlox Canada, and the lavender polemoniums are set aside as blue flowers, what can one say? Fortunately, our seedsmen are taking up the color question, some seriously, as years go on, and especially in iris, peony, and rose lists we now have the true color named, sometimes even numbered.

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But if one's color sensibilities have been set on edge by such absurd publishings as these — worse than absurd, misleading — how tranquillizing it is to turn to the great family of plants whose flowers are known to all the world by their pure blue, the delphinium. So wide is this knowledge now that the word delphinium is often used adjectivally, and we hear that such and such a flower is of “pure delphinium blue.” Here we have a color standard in a flower. And while the hybridizers have called in violet and its paler hues to their assistance, the name recalls blue and blue only. A better and more definite blue than that of delphinium *Belladonna* there is not, there cannot be. And for this those of us who adore blue flowers give thanks.

Of the different hybrids of the delphinium there are many. Kelway's to me used to be the great ones. I remember well my amazement and delight when their *La France* — or were *Vilmorin* or *Turbat* its originators? — first opened in our garden its beautiful delicate tones of blue and lavender and its thick double flower. Then rose upon my horizon *Blackmore* and *Langdon*, with their sumptuous spikes, the talk of the English flower shows for some years past, as indeed they are now. Yet here now come *Lowe* and *Gibson*, with their large-

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flowered hybrids of pale and deep colors, flowers of a size hardly seen before, yet still so beautiful, ranging from pure blue through mauve to deep violet. And finally, to crown all, the Wrexham delphiniums, those of Mr. Watkin Samuel from his garden near Chester, with three to four feet of bloom to the spike. Believe this who may, it is true, for many have already seen these and written of them; and now we hear that the entire stock has been taken over by Bees, Ltd., of Liverpool. Great firms do not invest in poor plant subjects.

Last year was shown by Blackmore and Langdon their new Blue Boy, besides such others as Queen Mary, Queen of Bath, King Bladud, and that glory of a delphinium in rich blues and violets, the Alake. Millicent Blackmore has very large flowers of blue and mauve, with black centre; Nymph is one of Kelway's beauties. This is blue with rosy inner petals, semi-double, with a large and conspicuous white eye. It is of branching habit and is very dwarf, which is an unusual thing in the plants of this family. For myself, I do not like its blunt-nosed form. I prefer the delphinium that tapers. And for tapering ones, there are Mr. Samuel's magnificent flowers, Monarch of Wales and Queen Mauve — this last

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a full two weeks later to bloom than other delphiniums. The flowers of this hybridizer at Wrexham are beginning now to be well known, partly, as I have said, for the great line of bloom along the stem; but the prevailing color of them is a rather dark blue, not the Belladonna blue that we all long for and love. Mr. Samuel wants to get well-shaped full doubles, of which his Blue Rosette is now highest in type. Also semi-doubles in blooms of adequate size for a spike three to four feet long; at least three to four rows of petals, of which the exterior ones must be bigger than the inner ones and more showy; prominent bee centres in black, blue, and khaki, or more contrasting color, and long, graceful pedicels. His Monarch of Wales is nearest his ideal. Mr. Jacob has characterized these delphiniums as "hollyhock delphiniums," a name which is likely to stay by them.

In our own country Carl Purdy, Dreer, and Childs are said to be the pioneers with the delphinium. But Mr. O. M. Pudor of Puyallup, Washington, has created the Glory of Puget Sound strain, which is said to be exceedingly impressive. And now appears too a California rival for our friends across seas in the originator of the Vanderbilt hybrid delphiniums; and his enthusiasm and

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knowledge have led him to publish at San Rafael a highly interesting little paper, "For Better Delphiniums." The strain of flowers from this source is marked by resistance to mildew, vivid coloring, large flowers, and radical departure from compact spikes. They will be watched with interest by all growers of these things of heavenly blue.

Into the intricacies of that disagreeable subject, the enemies of the delphinium, I will not go. Mildew seems to be the chief Californian danger for the plants; in our part of the country it is blight, or, as it is sometimes called, black rot. One authority on delphiniums suggests drastic treatment for this. Burn the plant and root, burn the hole out also, stir in Black Leaf Forty or sulphur, and give the spot plenty of air by turning the soil often. The remedy I have used upon the plants for this alarming trouble and which has really seemed to help may be repeated here for those who have not already seen it. Take four pounds of lump lime, one pound of powdered tobacco dust, one gallon of water to slake the lime. Let this mixture boil as long as it will and add more water to complete the slake. When it has ceased to boil, add enough water to make five gallons. In applying use one quart of the solution to eleven quarts of water.

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Pour a cupful around the roots of each plant, repeating every ten days if necessary. For large plants increase the cupful to a pint. This formula, writes a friend, has been used with success, too, for the blight of aconites.

I am told that at the English shows you will search to-day among dozens of mauve, violet, pinkish delphiniums in great array for a very few of pure blue. Why is this? Is it the tremendous craze for novelty, change? Then that is a pity; for blue is the color we want, we need, for our gardens. It is the uplifting hue; whereas violet is the subdued, the melancholy one; and mauves are, comparatively speaking, the dull, or, if you like the word better, as I do, the subtle ones. That gleam of blue from scillas in spring grass — somehow it means more to me than any crocus-color. “Nature is far less prodigal of blue in plants than of yellow, red, white, or rose. That may be the reason why flowers of pure blue are usually so grateful to the eye, and why one turns again and again to the ultramarine of *Salvia patens*, a tint rare in the plants of the temperate region. What is it but the ethereal blue of the common Siberian squill which makes it almost the most precious color of spring?”

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My advice to those who are interested in this flower of beauty is: buy seed now from all the leading firms in the world. Try these things out in your own seed beds, in your own borders. You will seldom find seedling blooms true to name, but you will experience those delicious shocks of amazement which come to all who see for the first time a flower of new and strange loveliness or grandeur.

For myself, in the tiniest scrap of space, made by spading under some perfectly good greensward, I intend to have a blue, violet, and cream-white garden this year, a little place not more than fifteen by twenty feet; but full large for a good effect of color, an experiment in forms and times of bloom. I had thought of following a delightful suggestion somewhere in print called "A Picture in Blue and Gray" — lavender, *Nepeta mussini*, larkspurs; the nepeta with phacelia, the blue annual, before it; the larkspurs in the background. But the temptations of Michaelmas daisies and of the buff zinnia *Isabellina* were too much for me, and the other scheme is now in process of creation. The whole may be punctuated by a few stalks of *Lilium auratum* for fragrance.

But, returning to the delphinium, these enlight-

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ening words from the Reverend G. H. Engleheart, the great English amateur, will interest those who like to know of plant origins:

“In my classical library, which is fairly well furnished, I find no verification of the pretty American story quoted lately of garlands of delphinium flowers being used in a procession to the temple of Apollo Delphinios. There certainly was a temple with this dedication at Athens, but little more than its bare name seems to be recorded. And I can find no corroboration of the assertion that blue was the favorite color of the Greek deities, or of any one of them. Nor is it possible for any one to know now that the supposed blue flowers of these garlands were ‘undoubtedly delphiniums.’ Hardly a flower named by classical writers, except the rose, the narcissus, and, perhaps, the anemone, can be positively identified.

“More than one species of delphinium (larkspur) is wild in Greece, and one at least was used medicinally, according to Dioscorides and other writers. But we cannot be sure whether delphinium was meant or aconite (monkshood), as they run into one another botanically and aconite is still used in medicine.

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“In an inquiry into a plant-name it should always be remembered that sentimental or poetical derivations are unlikely to be true, especially of very ancient names.”

VIII

A GARDEN IN SUSSEX, AND
SOME LATE FLOWERS

VIII

A GARDEN IN SUSSEX, AND SOME LATE FLOWERS

TO whom belongs this adorable old house and garden of the illustrations I do not know. The place is at Groombridge, Sussex. "The house," says Mr. Herbert Cowley, who made these charming pictures, "dates back to the time of Edward the First and the timbered building is one of the finest of its kind in England. The house originally stood at Udimore near Rye, and it was removed, piece by piece, to its present site, by Lawson Wood, who used it for a studio. The house is in keeping with the character of this old Sussex village. China roses are grown near the windows and the garden is full of fragrant roses, such as General McArthur, George Dickson, La France, Ophelia, Mme. Abel Chatenay, and Richmond. The garden is open on Sunday evenings to the dwellers in the village."

Here, to take the photograph, opposite page 132, is a pink-bordered flagged walk which seems to be the very perfect approach, in material and in breadth, for the wide doorway — a passage through

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which in centuries back the loaded wagon has gone into a courtyard beyond. If it were not for admirably placed rock plants on these stones, this walk would fail in interest; its unclothed width would give a bareness to the picture. In the first of the three photographs, the rise in ground is apparent; and curving steps on the same side of the house, and in the same long walk, are seen, beautifully planted with a little hardy candytuft and other very dwarf subjects. How delightfully these shine out against the bit of topiary work, the mound of green with its singular four-leaved clover above! And how well used is this topiary — all of it! It relieves by its dense black-green the expanse of flower color which might otherwise verge on monotony; it is entirely in keeping with the quaint simplicity of the long, low building, and its flanking birds and clovers must give him who strolls through the garden a smile of amusement and happiness.

The broad-paved walk leads upward toward a terraced garden which is also paved below the long house; and the second illustration, opposite page 134, shows at once the excellent situation of the house; for dropping land, both before and to the left, gives opportunity for very beautiful terracing effect. At the extreme right of this picture can be seen the



From a photograph copyrighted by Herbert Coule

COURT LODGE, GROOMBRIDGE, SURREY. AN EDWARD I FARMHOUSE ADAPTED TO PRESENT-DAY NEEDS, WITH
A VERY SIMPLE AND BEAUTIFUL GARDEN MADE BELOW IT

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clipped yew of the foreground of the picture opposite page 134; while a charming spiral of the same yew is also visible here. Again the paved walk, with its pretty tufts of flowers and foliage; but this time it is a narrow walk, as behooves a fairly narrow terrace. All the lovely fleecy plant and foliage in the foreground is that beautiful June-flowering *Nepeta mussini*, with its clouds of pure lavender blooms, that catmint upon whose generous use Miss Jekyll is ever-insistent. Beyond the flanking lines of nepeta are the white pinks again, with small ball-shaped yews, or other evergreens, standing out against the whiteness. And at the end of the walk on this level the passage is cut through apple or crab trees, which create a dark, brilliant interruption before one goes on to the sunny way beyond. Long borders of roses are seen back of the pinks; and beyond the roses, to the left, against the terrace wall, stand Madonna lilies, opening their first flowers. Am I too enthusiastic in considering this garden picture perfect? It seems to me quite perfect as a composition, evidently perfect as to planting and color, relation to house, light and shade; perfect in all ways in which one looks at house and garden when in themselves they form a beautiful and connected entity.

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Is it not, however, the walks which have so much to do with the charm of these pictures? They frame the house from every point of view.

Underlying all in these delightful aspects of this garden is design, plan. All the important parts of these photographs have a reason for their presence. In the photograph opposite page 132 notice the axis of the walk, the balanced planting of the clipped yews; in that opposite page 136 see the parallels of walks and terraces to the house and the crossing of walks marked clearly, but quietly, by the four ball-shaped yews or other evergreens. Relation to house, proportion, form, pattern, balance in the pattern, accent — all these cardinal points in the creed of landscape architecture are evident here. The garden of Court Lodge has been planned by a mind and eye no stranger to a knowledge of garden design; it has then been dressed, as one might say, by an affectionate and knowing hand.

Now, while the criticism is current that the little garden of America lacks charm, there are, let us joyfully assert, many exceptions. The notable example, for those who know it, is the garden of the Villa Latomia at East Gloucester. Another is the enchanting place of Miss Emily Swift



From a photograph by Herbert Cowley

TOPIARY WORK AND PAVED STEPS IN THE GARDEN OF COURT LODGE. THE
PLANTING OF THE STEPS IS UNUSUALLY GOOD

A GARDEN IN SUSSEX

Spackman. As one alights at the end of the long, narrow flagged walk leading to Miss Spackman's charming French country house in Connecticut, in late September, showers of small flame-colored dahlias falling about one give a gay impression not to be forgotten; and in approaching the lovely little house itself with its charming tones of mauve stucco and blue-green wood, its steep roof, its shy entrances and balconies, its small squares of garden or of courtyard close to the house, we are uncertain which to enjoy the more, the beauty of mass or the beauty of detail. The place carries the disarming name of Littlewood; and those who have been fortunate enough to see it cannot forget its beauty, its gay, inviting quality, and its charm.

Why should not all of our small houses and gardens be pictures? They could be, they should be — they must be. We must all work toward that end by supporting those architects who have the artist's gift — those landscape architects to whom the delicate relation of things is second nature, who understand the placing of the house for pictorial effect, its foliage backgrounds and foregrounds, its beautifully related garden spaces — in a word, who, like painters, understand beautiful composition.

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We ourselves must study most carefully the forms and colors of trees, plants, and flowers for our gardens, since it is with these that we paint, that we "broider the ground in rich array." The consideration of color-arrangement in the garden alone may be the occupation of a lifetime, but no work is more engrossing, none richer in reward.

I am sitting, as often I sit, at the extreme end of one of the narrow walks that cut the garden through; and as I sit and gaze I think of that passage in "Far from the Madding Crowd" in which Gabriel Oak, proposing marriage to Bathsheba Everdene, asks her to think a minute or two. "I'll try to think," she observed more timorously, "if I can think out of doors, but my mind spreads away so."

Mine spreads away too, but I must try to concentrate it upon the color of these midsummer flowers. All greens are fresh, for copious summer rains have lately fallen, and there is a warm sun to open every timely bud. The highest note in the garden's color to-day is of a rich rose-pink phlox, deeper than Pantheon and taller, name unknown. This pink is echoed in low flowers by geranium Mrs. Richard F. Gloede, now thrusting



From a photograph copyrighted by Herbert Coultay

LILIES AND NEPETA MUSSINI CATMINT, AND ROSES FLANKING A TERRACE WALK BELOW THE PICTURE-SQUE
DWELLING-HOUSE

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its glowing heads through slender leaves of the blue lyme-grass, and by a wonderfully vivid pink verbena sold to me for Beauty of Oxford, but no more that plant than it is a Drummond phlox. There are in bloom great masses of lavender phloxes, Antonin Mercie, Danzanvilliers, Widar, Braga, as well as the ever charming Elizabeth Campbell and its paler neighbor, Mme. Paul Dutrie. *Hemerocallis thunbergi's* good yellow is now at the full; and in four places, four-foot plants of Sutton's annual dwarf sunflower, Primrose Queen, are just opening their beautiful starry flowers, pale yellow or straw color. Below these are gypsophilas, Maungini, which throw a veil of delicate white around even these tall sunflowers and *flore pleno*, creating a mist below. Zinnias in palest yellow and white and many late-blooming side-shoots of tall delphiniums, blue and purple, as well as of Belladonna, give the atmospheric hue, while sea hollies in full blue-gray flower, and eryngium with its tall, silvery masses, relate themselves delightfully to all else.

Beside the round white phloxes, *Cimicifuga simplex* is here, with creamy spires; and the white Mignon dahlia holds up its sharp-cut flowers against the rest. Never have we had finer, gayer

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color than now. From every angle, for the moment, the flowers give satisfaction and more.

Who writes, who thinks, about the buds of July? The very phrase seems a contradiction of terms; yet here they are in thousands among these blooming flowers. Buds of statices, soon to be violet clouds; buds of late white phloxes, of physostegias, of *Artemesia lactiflora*; buds of clematis Ina Dwyer, of the bush clematis Campanile, of the two large flowering varieties *jackmanni* and Mme. Edouard André on the arch between the upper and lower gardens; countless buds of hardy asters, soon to break into lavender, mauve, and white flowers; and buds of little annuals, late this year because of sowing only in the open ground. Buds, too, of *Sedum spectabilis*, the beauteous stonecrop which was made known to me first by Mrs. Tiffany Blake, soon to become soft masses of mauve-pink flowers, and buds on every dwarf rambler-rose from Catherine Zeimet to Cécile Brunner. These are always and ever in bud. How do the plants survive?

If I could paint I should so quickly set down in pigment what I see before me now; flowers of all heights, of many hues both soft and deep; all the brightness tempered and held together by gray-greens, blues, cream-whites; little untidiness ex-

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cept for the ever-falling florets of the large phloxes on a grass like velvet; four dark, slim cedars cutting the gayety here and there, and shadows cast by flower-mass and tree alike, in the afternoon sun of a still July day. Why have I ever thought the highest beauty of a garden to occur in spring? This, this is its height, its crown of flowering, when the brightest Spanish shawl cannot surpass its brilliance.

And then the scent of phloxes. It is like the smell of newly cut grass, than which there is none sweeter. Phlox fragrance is not always given. Conditions of moisture, of air, must be exactly right or these flowers withhold their sweetness, "are fast of their smell," as Bacon has it. A clean, fresh scent it is, a "homely, cottage smell."

But did I say that all was perfect? Here are distressing little yellow apple leaves falling from Cox's Orange Pippins that shade the little brick-paved platform where I sit; there are stems of phloxes here and there scorched by attacks of red spider. These are cut always as soon as noticed, but always more are developing. Wireworms have cut through a stalk of delphinium at the base, and the leaves in that stem have taken on the pallor of death, of plant-death. Old Oriental poppy

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leaves are rusty now and an occasional iris needs attention for its departure from the blue-green of foliage, one of its nicest qualifications for the garden. These signs of autumn turn one's thoughts to autumn's flowers; and the hardy chrysanthemum and the hardy aster, or Michaelmas daisy, are surely the outstanding ones. Of the former I cannot write, as early frosts keep us from growing it. Frost, however, is no enemy of the aster, that is, light frost, and we were fortunate in a present last year of several plants from the Brooklyn Botanical Gardens, which have bloomed with freedom and vigor this last September and October.

Among these were some of the better-known varieties, such as Chastity and Climax, the first a delicate, spraying white aster, very graceful and light in form and habit, the second a clear, deep lavender with a tendency toward blue, a large flower. But other asters of marked beauty were The Queen, a lovely violet-colored flower, the plant four feet tall, very free flowering, and the individual florets here more than an inch wide, flat and almost spiky in look; Thelma Perry, a charming, fringy-looking, cool pink flower, rather subject to mildew, unfortunately; White Climax, a four-foot plant with fine white flowers, large and thickly



From a photograph copyrighted by R. A. Mabey

A BORDER OF MICHAELMAS DAISIES AT ALDENHAM HOUSE, ELSTREE, HERTS., ENGLAND

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petalled; Osprey, so beautifully named, tiny flowers of white covering the small plant as with a veil; and Belgian Queen, clear blue-violet, a large and decorative bloom. But Maggie Perry was the beauty of the collection. This has almost the appearance of a bush of Sutton's single annual aster, *Aster sinensis*. The flowers of Maggie Perry are, of course, smaller than those of the annual, but measure nearly two inches across and have small yellow centres. The color is a cool pink, and a more floriferous hardy aster could hardly exist.

How easy for us with whom this genus is native to plan for some such border for autumn as that in the delightful picture given opposite page 140 of the Michaelmas daisies at Aldenham House. It takes a connoisseur like Mr. Vicary Gibbs to suggest such a planting, perhaps, and a superintendent as able as Edwin Beckett to carry out the suggestion. But here is surely a superb example of the fine use of this splendid tribe of autumn flowers, an example which in modified form might do much for the American garden. A little earlier, mention was made of the Mignon dahlia. In the illustration, opposite page 142, it may be seen blooming very freely against a plant of hardy aster, Mrs. D. Mitchell, which is just coming into flower. The

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aster is of a cool pink color. The plant, when fully out, is a sheet of this pink; and the presence of the lovely small single dahlia of this new tribe so valuable for the small garden, especially, gives the aster an added charm. Although the Mignon dahlia may now be had in this country in white, crimson, and pink, the one in the photograph is white, and as I recall it my pink and crimson ones have in season after season grown paler and paler till now all are white. They give the effect of immense Japanese anemones and are truly enchanting with the finer aster flowers. Indeed, nothing finer for the autumn garden has appeared for many years than these little dahlias.

Mention of dahlias brings to mind an unusual use of that flower with a certain hardy aster, and some account may be given of the garden at Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, in which I first saw this flower-group. The house and garden stand on one steep acre of ground. An Italianesque house, approached by a short walk from the road, a walk flanked by green; with a turn at right angles a tall and narrow door is reached, a door of an unusual green hue. At the turn is one of those bits which is beauty itself: a great oil jar on the flagging, a jar of a dark yet warm tone of grayish



AN UNUSUALLY GOOD COMBINATION OF LATE-BLOOMING FLOWERS AT ORCHARD HOUSE. WHITE MIGNON DAHLIA
WITH THE COOL, PINK HARDY ASTER, MRS. D. MITCHELL

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mauve, over which at one side lie the splendid foliage and flowers of *Cobæa scandens*, which then proceeds on its way to cut a fine window just above it into two or three panels of darkness back of this green.

One walks through a loggia to a very original and beautifully designed terrace, oblong, flagged with rectangular bluish stone adorned by a fine fountain, and walled to the right by a high arcade of stone giving upon a precipitous tree-clad ravine. This arcade is broken by a small balcony with a light rail of iron from which one looks down upon all the colors of autumn in the trees beneath. Turning to the left and leaving this charming terrace with little plants in pots of many sizes standing about its fountain base and along the uppermost of the two broad and shallow steps which lead from the terrace to the left, a walk proceeds past the outer end of a grass panel, or tapis vert facing the house. This walk is also walled, and turning again to the left is a much higher wall of solid stone against which occurs the principal flower — color of late October. Here was a regal effect in flowers through the use of separated and finely blooming plants of dahlia Autumn King standing with a certain indepen-

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dence of their own in the border, and at the far end from our position was a glorious specimen of *aster tataricus* in full bright lavender beauty. This juxtaposition of the flowers of autumn was one always to be remembered. The lavender of the aster was enchanting with the coppery-gold of the fine dahlia, and it is this suggestion which I would pass on to other gardeners. Above this wall, back of the gorgeous flower-array, on a level ten feet higher, is a tiny greenhouse, also various cold-frames, where the garden's owner herself works unremittingly to produce plants for the borders.

All that I have described is upon one acre of ground — one sharply sloping acre. This ground has been tamed, the house and its green foreground with flanking terraces and walls of stone occupy the main level, high retaining walls making this possible. The working part of the garden and the small vegetable-garden are some ten feet above. A highly ingenious plan has resulted in a small place of astonishing interest and variety, for the site was generally considered impossible; yet the architects have triumphed over topography, and made a house and garden worth going far to see.

IX

A LITTLE GARDEN—WITH SOME
SUGGESTIONS FOR THE FARM
FLOWER-GARDEN

IX

A LITTLE GARDEN—WITH SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR THE FARM FLOWER-GARDEN

MY neighbor's garden is a happy example of the little garden. People come to it from time to time, and the usual exclamation is "Oh, if I had such a little garden!" or "I never knew that a garden could be so complete as this in so small a space; I shall make one now."

I write in July, the middle of July; this garden was only made and planted last autumn, only begun in late August. Yet here through work, care, and a most favorable spring and summer season, stands a garden, as simple as possible, but charming in its quiet design, in the trimness of its low hedges, and in the soft loveliness of its mid-summer flowers.

The plan of this garden is exceedingly simple. Here was a piece of ground on a street corner, the lot some hundred by a hundred and ten feet; a house fairly well placed, about forty feet from the front or east line of the land, fifteen feet from the

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north line; a house perhaps thirty feet square. That part of the ground before the house is simply planted with shrubs in common use, except for a group of *Viburnum carlesi*, that rare beauty among shrubs, and some of the French hybrid lilacs, such as Belle de Nancy and Marie Legraye. Because of a small grove, as it might be called, of bush honeysuckle, grown tall and large, the flower garden is not seen from this part of the ground. At the back of the lot it occupies the whole south half of the space. The other is taken up by garage, drying green, young fruit trees, but all is screened away now from the little place for rest and refreshment that the flower-garden is and should be.

To the south of the garden and to the west there was originally a long boundary line of shrubs and young trees. This determined the site of the garden. To the north another such line of shrubs was made, and within these three lines runs the low hedge of privet *ibota*. For this, shrubs a foot high were bought, and cut to within ten inches of the ground, which is to be their permanent height. The trench for the privet was one foot wide, and the plants were set one foot apart in the rows. At the west end is a platform of dark brick five by ten feet, its long edge to the east; it is flush with

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the ground, and on this benches will be placed from which the garden may be enjoyed at close range. The hedge follows the recessed lines made by this platform, and in the angles of earth on either side of the brick paving and beyond the little hedge, daffodils and native ferns are to be planted, while daffodils will lend spring color to the shrub borders everywhere before the whole garden itself is in flower. At the east end of the garden, the end toward the house, the line of hedge describes a semicircle whose straight edge is made of two lines of privet extending into the garden, ten feet from each side. The distance from the top of the curve to this straight line is thirteen feet, and the line itself shapes the main garden into a parallelogram seventy-two feet long by twenty-eight wide. Between the two straight lines of hedge mentioned just now and the curved outer one, are two triangular beds for roses, seven by seven feet, which hold fifteen plants each and form a tiny rose-garden. The entrance-walk between these is five feet wide. As I write, the scent of some magnificent hybrid teas, Los Angeles and Lady Hillingdon, in full bloom reaches me from these little triangles of roses.

The grassy centre of this garden, interrupted

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agreeably as it is toward the brick platform by two nice young apple-trees, is a long panel of green turf. On either side of this space run the three narrow beds for flowers. The four at the two ends measure four by nine feet, the two central ones opposite each other, four by thirteen feet. The distance between each bed in each line of three, is six feet, and the back edges of the beds lie two feet from the hedge. .

Let me describe the bloom in one of these beds in detail as I see it on a bright July afternoon. In the bed to the right as one enters the garden at the northeast corner, sweet alyssum is freely used toward the front. Back of that is white petunia below the last blooms of delphinium Belladonna; next sweet alyssum along the front is ageratum, tall and dwarf, in full flower, Stella Gurney and Blue Gem, with groups of gray foliage of hardy pinks near by, then more ageratum, out of which again rise white petunias and a fine piercing plant of *Elymus arenarius*, the blue lyme-grass. More white petunias back of that, then spires of a cool pink annual larkspur; green leaves of iris whose bloom is past — a tall mauve delphinium also nearly over; and for strong color, a hardy phlox not over a foot tall of that usually despised ma-

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genta, entirely lovely here in this place, because delphinium Belladonna is close by. All that is needed to make magenta flowers most beautiful is to use blue ones beside them. This bed of flowers is of blue, mauve, cool pink, and white flowers, tempered by gray foliage. I boldly affirm that there could be nothing lovelier in flowers than these in this little garden "tended by love" and not one year old. All four beds of this size have the same planting; and that of the two longer beds opposite each other also shows this balanced effect. At the back of these beds, the sides away from the grass walk or centre, Buddleias, pink physostegias, tall delphiniums, and *Thalictrum glaucum* are found; before them anchusa, *Veronica subsessilis*, *Lycoris squamigera* — that beautiful hardy amaryllis — oriental poppies Princess Victoria Louise, iris Mme. Chereau are set almost in pairs, divided from each other by different plants. Shasta daisies are before these, and phloxes W. C. Egan, Antonin Mercie, and Tapis Blanc, with the yellow columbine *Aquilegia chrysantha*, hardy pinks, and the woolly woundwort (*Stachys lanata*) form the foreground for this large group of gay flowers. Between the ends of all the beds it is planned to have small pyramidal arbor-vitæ and to keep these clipped.

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The flowers are all arranged to harmonize in color, to follow on softly, group by group in bloom; yet there is always the possibility of failure — for we know the strange ways of nature with what we try to do. Failure to secure the exact plants specified; failure in their living over winter; failure because of bad spring conditions; and here it is that annuals are our salvation. In the late winter provide yourself with a quantity of seed of purple annual larkspur, of white candytuft, of buff zinnia *Isabelina*, of *nigella* Miss Jekyll. If all things fail, make successive sowings of these beautiful flowers, calculating heights, forms, colors, as related to neighboring plants. Then, out of garden evil, garden good will surely come.

Some three weeks later in the season these are the predominant flowers and colors of these beds. Slender spires of purple larkspur pierce through mounds of magnificent red-purple petunias all above little waves of sweet alyssum. Buff zinnias and the fernlike foliage of cosmos not yet blooming make the background here, while leaning stems of *Salvia azurea* are full of buds about to show their pale sky-blue. In another place the palest pinkish-lavender petunia sprays forth upon the grass and rises before buff zinnias overhung by *Buddleia*'s

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deep-lavender flowers. In the foreground are ageratum, with fine, clean iris leaves, stock foliage, a little *stachys lanata*, a superb anchusa plant for next year's flowers, and back of this a lusty specimen of hardy aster St. Egwin, starred with buds. Buddleia in a third and fourth bed in this little garden has many white petunias for company; mounds of dianthus foliage, masses of ageratum in full flower, both violet and Newport Pink larkspur, annuals, with cosmos standing beautifully erect and green, and mercifully not yet too tall for the other flowers; and that startlingly fine blue lyme-grass so striking in its color, its lines, and its shadows. A very little of this plant is best. Too much, and a weedy appearance creeps in, to the great injury of nice effect.

The privet hedge has been clipped four times during its first summer. As has been noticed, it is only ten inches high, and this cutting will, of course, make it branch toward the bottom, and give it next year a dense and finished look.

The white phloxes used, Von Lassberg, Tapis Blanc, Jeanne d'Arc, Mrs. Jenkins, give to this garden a fine succession of white flowers. Valerian and flame-pink Oriental poppies light it in early June; the white of petunia yields continual bril-

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liance; the soft pinks of other phloxes are exceedingly nice with lingering blues of delphinium *Belladonna* or with the latter's second flowering. Annual asters — and hardy ones — the dark annual larkspur of the same hue, purple petunias, give that rich note which seems to chime with cooling days and that rich smell of harvest in the air which we, in a town among the farms, often have wafted to us in our gardens here. And for myself, let me say that no rich odor of gasoline, no smell of dollars, as it were, can compare with that delicious mealy fragrance of tasselled corn, of clover in full flower.

If the men and women with the small plot could only be convinced of what the little garden would do for them, of what variety it gives to colorless or dull existence; of what surprises, what pleasures, wait upon them in the little garden, it would not then be long before the leaves of *Vallombrosa* were outnumbered by the little gardens of America. Yet the best method of convincing every one of this is by setting the example. "If you have no garden," as Mrs. Cran says in one of her garden books, "get one. Make a way to the heart's need."

We have been discussing a little garden filled with flowers. But are flowers, that is, many flowers, essential to a garden? No. The great mistake of

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most people is that, in thinking of the garden, they think of it only in terms of flowers. Some of the most beautiful gardens of the world are not flower-gardens. They are gardens of green grass and hedges, of paved walks, of overhanging trees, of handsome shrubbery. These are the gardens which when made upon a grand scale are very costly to build and maintain; but there are simple gardens whose design, whose pattern, is their chief charm, which are neither expensive to create nor hard to keep in condition. I shall later make one or two suggestions as to kinds of these which may easily bring some kind of order into the surroundings of a farmhouse, and which will give delightful refuge when the burden and heat of the day are over.

But first, if I were a woman on the farm, I should some morning in August — for August is the best month in which to begin thinking about any proposed garden in the northern parts of this country — step out of my door, look about me in a new and critical way, take stock of everything really beautiful or even merely pretty in the surroundings of my house, and begin to think thus: “I must have some sort of garden. Will it be better here, or there? What use can I make of that beautiful view, of that magnificent elm, of the

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lovely outlook over fields and meadows on that side of the house? How can I best blot out the road, with its streak of interrupting white and its dust, from the place where I mean to sit and have nothing to look at but things that are quiet and beautiful?" The first thing is to take a very thoughtful look around; soon you will see, as I said, perhaps a very fine tree sixty or seventy feet from the house. Look carefully at that tree; see if a line drawn from it to the house connects with some important door or window; take that opening as the place to start, and make a lilac walk from that door or window to that tree; the walk could be of grass alone; it should be six feet wide or more, and the lilacs should be six to eight feet apart in the two rows on either side. These lilacs should not be the common lilac that you see in every neighbor's yard; break away from the ordinary kinds and buy such named sorts as you can find now in every good nurseryman's catalogue: Belle de Nancy, pink; Charles X, purple; Marie Legraye, white; and President Grévy, bluish-lavender. Then you will have what will give you a new sensation in lilacs, and what will make people think about lilacs as they watch and enjoy yours. If a grass walk is not wanted, and the region is

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one where stone abounds, lay flattish stones or slates for this walk; and at the end of the walk have something to walk to — a seat made of wood, well designed, if possible, and painted a dull green or bark-color. Between the lilac bushes, till they are large, or in front of them, if they are set back far enough from the walk, I should plant alternating groups of three to five peonies and irises. In the peonies I should not take the coarse raspberry-pink colors such as are seen held up by the barrel-hoop in almost every farm dooryard in this country, but *Delicatissima*, the beautiful pale pink; *Golden Harvest*, deep rose-pink with creamy-yellow collar; *Achille*, another charming pale-pink, might be used with others, whose cost is not more than these, that is fifty cents apiece. As for irises, the tall variety called *pallida dalmatica* *Queen of May*, a pinkish lavender, which is sold for twenty-five cents in some lists, and *Kharput*, a magnificent deep purple flower, would make a glorious mass of color, blooming at the same time perhaps as the peonies, or possibly earlier. Here you would have, then, along your walk two periods of fine bloom of flowers: first the lilacs, and then the peonies and irises together.

But suppose along such a walk you wanted no

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flowers; that you could not even find time for the cultivation and keeping up of such hardy things as peonies and irises. Then plant a low hedge of Japanese barberry — *Berberis thunbergi* — at the very inside edges of your walk, and set your lilacs at regular intervals beyond this hedge. If the hedge, as it grows tall, is kept clipped with a square top, it will make a fine foil for the lilacs above it; if you prefer to let it grow free, it will still look well and will provide you with the most beautiful autumn color and scarlet berries for winter.

Such a walk as I have suggested should be begun near the house by a wide platform of flat stone, or a well-defined space of grass, as a sort of entrance, this to make a connection between house and walk, to avoid an abruptness in leaving the one and entering the other. Such a path or walk will make a spot of beauty to which to go in heat, or at the close of the day, a place with some sort of order, a place that suggests a garden even if it cannot be called one. Your tree will at once become an objective, a thing to watch as you walk, and a leafy bower to sit under when reached.

One of the most attractive yet easily made sitting-places possible for a garden was this. Below

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a handsome tree a space of gravel some ten feet square has been made. Around the trunk of the tree a heavy circular wooden table has been built, fitting close to the tree, and with four well-braced legs to support the top. Two simply designed wooden benches stand opposite each other, facing the table, their backs at the edges of the gravelled square. To this sitting-place a walk of unevenly laid paving leads through grass. The whole forms a shaded, quiet, and pretty spot in which to take tea, to sit of a warm afternoon in that *dolce far niente* which is still considered by a few people to be the happy condition of the amateur gardener.

Such a place is so agreeable to possess, to use, so charming as a little out-of-door picture, so readily created if one owns a good tree in a fairly secluded spot, that the wonder is that people do not oftener recognize their tree as the key to the making of a green and shady room in the open air. A fine tree, to be really enjoyed, must be used intimately, as here, not merely gazed upon from afar. One must look up through branches, see the lovely drawing of the boughs, the stems, the leaf-masses before one has a true acquaintance with a tree. Then what a fulness of knowledge is added to one's

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joy in summer — to those pleasures described in Mrs. Meynell's rich lines:

Most happy year! And out of town
The hay was prosperous and the wheat;
The silken harvest climbed the down;
Moon after moon was heavenly sweet
Stroking the bread within the sheaves,
Looking 'twixt apples and their leaves.

I might go on endlessly on this subject of little garden arrangements for the ground near the house on the farm. Where tree roots do not abound, where the soil is good and easily worked, it is easy with not much labor to get such effects as I have mentioned; and with little money spent, too. Where there are stones nothing is lovelier than an oblong space of well-kept grass, outlined by a paved walk, with outside the walk a planting of hardy shrubs, such as lilacs, *Spirea vanhouttei*, syringas, or mock oranges, and lower shrubs like Thunberg's barberry, deutzia, and others, below the tall ones, on the side toward the walk. Such an oblong garden space of hardy shrubs would require almost no care; mowing, which has to be done anyhow, pruning of shrubs, best done when the bloom is gathered in its season. Always at the further end of such a shrub garden there should be a seat in the centre, back of the walk; and opposite

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that, at the near end, an entrance left with a little planting of, say, a few cedar-trees on either side to mark or accent that opening.

It is impossible to leave this subject without saying that the thing that strikes me as unfortunate in most of the flowers used around farm-houses to-day is the monotony of varieties. Everybody grows the crimson rambler or Dorothy Perkins; why doesn't some one strike out and buy Aviateur Blériot, that beautiful lemon-yellow rambler, with its delicious fragrance — a hardy thing with magnificent foliage? Everybody has a purple clematis over the house; why does not some adventurous woman say, I mean to buy this year *Clematis henryi*, the white, or Mme. Edouard André, the pinkish-lavender — both with fine large flowers, and far more becoming to most houses than the purple?

If the woman on the farm would buy now one packet of seed of viola Apricot, or of some other unusual variety, sow it in July for bloom the next spring, if she would do the same thing with those marvellous columbines called Mrs. Scott Elliott's hybrids, sowing this outdoors in May for bloom for years to come, her flowers would be eye-openers to herself and her neighbors.

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In all questions of beauty outside the house, the woman on the farm wants what every woman wants — the latest, the prettiest, the most enjoyable thing; and by the latest I mean some of the less familiar shrubs and flowers — no more of the crimson rambler, when there are such lovely copper-colored ones to be had, such delicate pinks as Lady Gay; more design in the ground around the house than is usually found.

And, last of all, my reason for saying think about your garden in August, is because September is really the month in which to begin a garden. The earth should be prepared then; planting of shrubs is so much better done in October than in spring. Peonies can only be planted in September; irises, of course, are better moved in August, but September moving will not hurt them. Most people say make a garden in the spring. Not at all. You lose a season if you do that. Autumn is the time to dig and plant most permanent things; and winter will settle the earth, enrich it with its rains and snows; when May comes, then, with its fever for growing all green things, you will be thankful that your work was done at the right season.

X

SANTA BARBARA GARDENS

X

SANTA BARBARA GARDENS

MR. SIDNEY B. MITCHELL of the University of California, whose writing I always enjoy, has somewhere this pronouncement concerning California gardening: "The need of gardens in California is great, for at the present time, without cultivation, wide regions are bare and hard, the more evident as the nakedness is not covered with snow. . . . When the Eastern gardener goes to California he has more to learn and unlearn than if he went to western Europe; as much as if he went to Spain or Italy or South Africa." The owner of the garden we are about to discuss must have learned quickly, going as she did from Pittsfield to Santa Barbara, and in two years creating there a garden filled with flowers and charming to the eye.

For me to write on the gardens of that beautiful State of which I have seen little would be an absurdity, except for the kindness of those who, like Mrs. Walter Cobb, not only permit me the use of their pictures, but give some descriptive details as

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well. Mrs. Cobb's garden is in Montecito. Once I had ten minutes there — a glimpse that I shall ever remember; for the gay originality of this garden from the standpoint both of design and of plant-use was a thing not easily forgotten.

The garden lies back of the house and is on three levels. It is a long and narrow garden and runs down and away from the living part of the house, the back or more retired part. Between two loggias, which flank a little patio, stands a fountain supported by three stone or marble lions. Four beds in this brick-paved patio are filled with low-growing lobelia, and looking straight out from the fountain through a green central alley between lines of low, domelike trimmed cypress, the three long reaches or parterres are seen stretching before one. Can it be possible, said I to myself, as I looked upon the gay beauty of the flowers set here so skilfully, that this place of fascination is only two years old? It was made only in 1916. That soft climate of the South, the moisture from the Southern ocean, but above all the guiding, knowing hand — these seemed to have performed a miracle.

As I have said, the garden has three terraces, long and narrow. These are banded on either side

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by a low treillage of redwood painted a beautiful indescribable blue-green, a trellis with high panels at intervals, where the bluish wooden bars are set diamond-wise and the light hooplike circles at the top of each panel frame in the mauves of the distant sierra. "I am quite daring," writes the garden's mistress, "in some of my fancies, but California seems to me to call for bold effects, just as it does for yellow in color." Occasionally these blue-green panels of the treillage seem to serve as gates, as seen in the illustration opposite page 168, where stately eugenias flank the entrance and little cerastiums creep about the nice stone steps leading to the plumbago-and-clematis-hung gateway of wood. To the right is seen the end of a fuchsia hedge. I like this gate. There is no stolidity here as in certain types of gateways. It has a sketchy freedom of design and proportion that make it highly pictorial. A heavy gateway would be out of place in this garden with its laughing beauty of pastel-colored flowers.

The lowest of these garden levels is devoted to roses, and the rose-garden is rather Spanish in feeling, with its use of diagonal lines. The blue-green treillage at the sides of the terraces is completely masked by a gloriously overflowing mass of plum-

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bago with its delicate flowers of blue. Below this vine are long groups — indeed “sections,” Mrs. Cobb calls them, of stocks, the colors delicate pink, lavender, buff, with the sky-blue nemesia used as a border before these. After the stocks pass, roses of buff color take their place, and another delicious color-arrangement ensues. I remember so well the great mounds of heliotrope in these borders when I saw them, which, like Jill-o’er-the-ground in William Vaughn Moody’s lovely lines, ran purple-blue — trees of heliotrope, too, rising at intervals and shaped to standard form. Walk down these garden paths, bordered with such rare and beautiful color in flowers, and in arriving at the rose-garden observe the little shelter or arbor entirely thatched by that darling of all roses, Cécile Brunner. See what a background is here provided for the garden’s nice trimness of hedge, and walk by the eugenias again and by the great deodars and cypresses framing in the whole, with a hint of eucalyptus beyond. Over the right- and left-hand arches are roses, and the two beds at the far end, filled with nemesias, give balancing notes of rose and blue color in a winter or early spring month; while hedge and trees, like the walks of the beloved hymn, continually are green.



THE BLUE GATE WITH CYPRESSES

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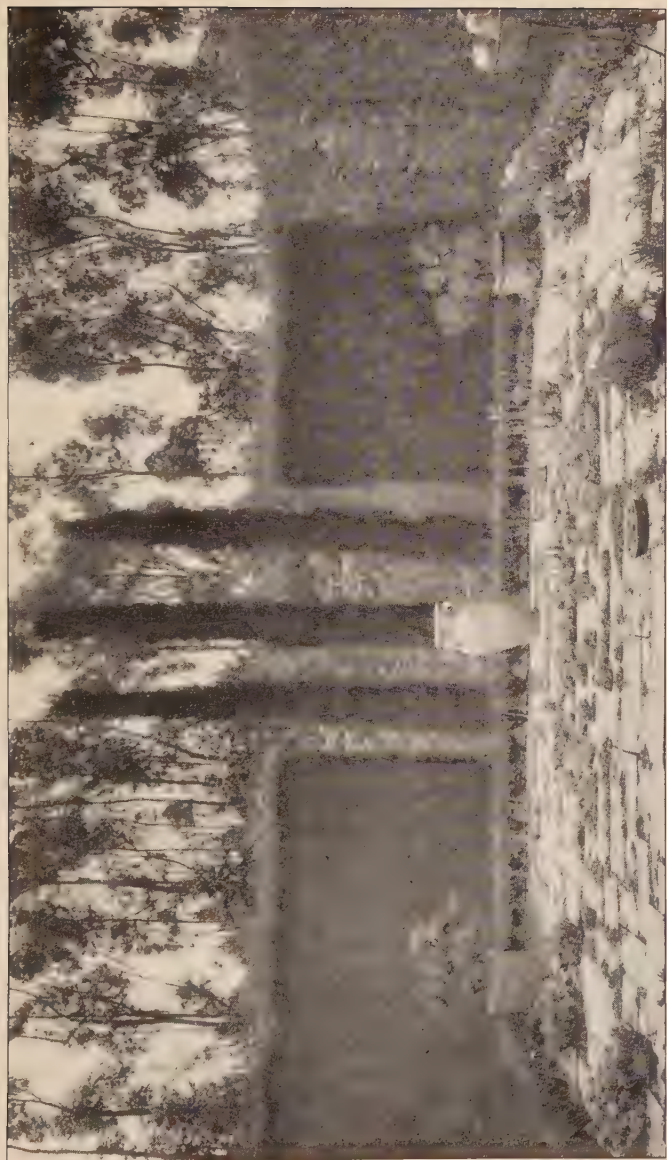
But there is yet another garden space to be told of here, the ingenious result of a view from the breakfast-room, a view unpleasing to the owner. To block this out, an open-air room was decided upon; and here it stands, to me really entrancing, partly as a successful example of seclusion gained, mainly for the highly interesting contrast between its solid walls of cypress hedge and its light frieze of eucalyptus-trees above. Three Italian cypresses are meant to suggest a French door in this pretty enclosure. The jar below them is of yellow; at their appointed time jonquils flower at the base of the jar; the four other pieces of pottery at the corners, only two of which are visible here, hold succulents with large heads of yellow flowers; in the tripod to the right are fruits of bright-colored porcelain, and at times a table with its great yellow umbrella occupies the centre of this little green-walled space, shading the tea-drinking beneath. Here is a charming practical solution of a troublesome question — that question of blotting out something distasteful or uninteresting. Who will say that this picture has not a certain appeal to the lover of line, of form, of proportion in out-of-door work? Mrs. Cobb assures me that this garden — and now I mean the whole garden of La

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Casa de Mariposa — is an inexpensive garden. It is not large; the width of the two upper terraces is not more than forty feet; the length of the first or upper terrace is seventy-five feet, of the second fifty, and of the third (whose width is four feet less than that of the two upper ones) eighty feet.

The taste that has planned it and embellished it with flowery bands and backgrounds of green, that has garlanded it with flowers and adorned it with fountains and tréllises and decorative touches of pottery in tile or jar, has given to Santa Barbara and to those from other places who walk in it, a little garden to rejoice in; a garden from which to gather many delightful suggestions in design, proportion, color.

Not long ago a series of little papers came to me from the Garden Club of Alameda County, at Berkeley, California, with these titles, given in an order of my own: "Character Study in Trees," by Miss Cloys; "Berried Shrubs," by Miss Katherine D. Jones; "The California Garden," by A. M. Woodman; "Preparation of Garden Soil," by E. J. Wickson (whose book should be owned and probably is by every gardening Californian); "The Dahlia," by A. F. Shulte; "A Few Notes on Rose Culture," by J. W. Gregg; and "The Tall Bearded



AN OPEN AIR ROOM WITH WALLS OF CYPRESS AND DELICATE EUCALYPTUS-TREES BEYOND

SANTA BARBARA GARDENS

Iris for California," by Sidney B. Mitchell. Sixteen such bulletins were put forth by this remarkable garden club in the first twenty months of its existence; all are by authorities — all are delightful reading. If I lived in that State and had not yet seen these leaflets, I should run, yes run, now to the post-office, a begging letter in my hand. In Mr. Woodman's paper the list of handsome shrubs, with descriptions of their shining leaves and scented flowers, is sufficient to cause a gardener to long for a Californian garden, quite aside from any other reason. Descriptions of the heaths, the brooms, of eugenia, of myrtus, of choisia, of coprosma, of evonymus, of pittosporum, of streptosolen speak to the reader most eloquently of the range of subjects from which he may choose in that bright land by the Pacific.

What does California mean to those lovers of beauty who know it in its varying seasons? Not climate first, not fruits or flowers, forests or valleys, seas or mountains — but color, color ineffable, color like a miracle, color unearthly in its variety and soft loveliness. And what a region for the creative artist in gardening!

I pass lightly over the difficulties of volcanic soil and little water, leaving these cares and troubles

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to owners of gardens in southern California; and as an onlooker will take the goods the gods provide me, and think happily only upon the pictures which are shown here. These are of the garden and terrace of Pepper Hill, Montecito, Santa Barbara. When a younger member of my family looked first at the photograph shown here of the prospect from the upper terrace, her exclamation was: "That is not a garden. That is Elysium!" "Well said," I thought, fascinated, uplifted myself by the dramatic beauty of this glorious view, so finely introduced by the sweeping lines of its foreground, and so beautifully framed by the eucalyptus-trees at the right and the live-oaks to the left. Here are pictures to prove again the truth of what Sir George Sitwell has said: "We should abandon the struggle to make nature beautiful round the house, and should rather move the house to where nature is beautiful. The garden must be considered, not as a thing of itself, but as a gallery or foreground designed to set off the softness of the distance; it is nature which should call the tune, and the melody is to be found in the prospect of blue hill or shimmering lake, or mystery-haunted plain, in the aerial perspective of great trees beyond the boundary, in the green cliffs



THE PROSPECT FROM THE UPPER TERRACE OF PEPPER HILL, MONTECITO, SANTA BARBARA

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of leafy woodland which wall us in on either hand."

Is not this terrace picture a delightful example of the foregoing passage? What a solemn loveliness in the photograph of the upper terrace and its distance — it is a classic composition in which the delicate tracery of the eucalyptus-trees to the right plays a high part; "pre-Raphaelite trees," some one has called this group; Perugino's trees, I call them. "There is something engaging, temperamental, about sugar gum" (this eucalyptus, *E. corynocalyx*), "that the self-assertive blue gum has not any trace of," writes a dweller in this garden.

Facing this spectacle of glory in cloud, in mountain, and in ocean, stands the house, Spanish-Italian in type, built partly around a patio, and with broad grass panels leading further east to five low steps, the descent to the lower or curved terrace. Of this the illustration gives a good impression; and where can it be matched for bold and striking effect, the grandeur of this curving line of balustrade sharp-cut against the blues and mauves of the sierra? and how could there be a finer garlanding with flowers and foliage than the cascade of *Clematis montana* lying along the rail, with coprosma before it as its dark and lustrous foil?

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The fringe of trees, too, beyond the terrace, either has been set there by an artist's hand, or drops away of its own motion in a manner beautiful to see.

Notice the balanced, the rhythmic planting of white-flowered clematis and dark-leaved coprosma. These are used only at either end of the curve, at the angle of the balustrade, nowhere else. The terrace wall below the balustrade is hung with roses, Beauty of Glazenwood, White Cherokee, and Rêve d'Or. The upper terrace has three flights of steps giving upon the lower. Two tall eugenias stand beside the central or broadest steps; those at either end are flanked by laurestinus and below the balustrade of the upper terrace, toward the house, Scotch heather lifts its mounds of purple flowers. Two varieties of Indian hawthorn (*Raphiolepis indica*) are used on Pepper Hill. "They have not," says the informant quoted above, "the remotest resemblance to our hawthorn, and why they are called Indian hawthorn I never could find out. But they are dears, rather small, pretty nearly perpetually in flower, though not riotously in flower. They are diminutive trees, very quiet, non-assertive. They neither strive nor cry."

But to the garden. This lies across the south

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end of house and upper terrace, reached from the latter by a flight of steps. It is a sunken garden, in the Italian manner, and its outstanding features are cypresses, orange, and mandarin trees, with masses below these of heliotrope, streptosolen, hibiscus, and asphodel. Beside these steps of shining white, and back of the groups of Italian cypresses, streptosolen pours its beauteous orange bloom through the balustrade above, and falling over the wall gives a glowing background for the dark and slender cypresses. Small olive-trees, scarlet and orange hibiscus, Spanish broom, and *Arbutus unedo* (the strawberry-tree) are in the beds below the wall; and across the garden, in the recess marked by flanking finials (as in the descent from upper to lower terrace before the house), the bright orange hibiscus again appears with a vivid purple iris for its neighbor. The orange-trees, heavy with flowers and fruit, are in the larger beds; and below these trees flourish again the streptosolen, the asphodel, as well as heliotrope, stock, pentstemon, schizanthus, with broad plantings of mignonette, freesia, nemesia, and of those glories in roses, Irish Fire Flame and Los Angeles. The narrow beds are entirely filled with coral and flame-colored Transvaal daisies. "The whole garden," declares

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a correspondent, "glows even in January like a fire opal, and the fragrance is of rosemary, thyme, and all the flowers."

This garden, then, with its sumptuousness of dark foliage and brilliant flower-color, its elegance of line, its boldly drawn and furnished whole, is fit to serve as foreground for the rich scene beyond. In such a place thought and imagination must be lifted high. In such a place all joy must be intensified in what is lovely, whether made by or vouchsafed to man.

XI

TWO DAYS AT PALM BEACH

XI

TWO DAYS AT PALM BEACH

ON an invitation by wire on January 5, I left St. Augustine by night train for Palm Beach to spend two days with a friend at her house there. The first sight of this newly acquired house was a picture; a house in Italian style, built by Addison Mizner, the genius in line and color of Palm Beach. The day was lovely, bright, and very warm. We drove to the entrance, and went into the house through a fine doorway, surmounted by the Lion of St. Mark in relief in stucco, and about twenty feet from the street; many plants in pots were about the doorway, chiefly crotons, and the entire front of the house was beautifully planted with palms, eranthemum, dracena, aspidistra, and other tropic things. A tiny green garden lay to the left, with a panel of grass in its centre. The house stands over the waters of Lake Worth, with lovely prospects from every window, and a view of the Everglades Club with its Spanish towers a short distance across the water. A most enchanting patio or court is the feature of the house, with an old

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Australian pine leaning over part of it and the most brilliant bougainvillea imaginable flinging its boughs over a balustrade at the edge of the patio overhanging the blue waters of the lake. A wall fountain, lovely pots of various plants, pretty wicker furniture, made a perfect place for sitting or for tea; and all visiting house-boats are wont to anchor in full view of this patio.

We drove mainly on the ocean front, and as it had been more than twenty years since I had seen Palm Beach, the change was like a miracle. The manner in which houses are built there, too, is miraculous; I mean the quickness, the speed. The largest do not take more than a year to finish and furnish completely, down to the completed garden. Several new Mizner houses were pointed out to me, one, where the outer walls were of a rough plaster stained in faint blue, the cobalt-blue of old illuminated books. The house was hardly finished; and against the wall was an artist in a white smock, painting from his scaffolding the signs of the zodiac in brilliant color over the main entrance. A long row of arched windows toward the sea was to receive some of this brilliant decoration in blue and gold and other colors, too, the painting to be above the windows and between the arches.



BOUGAINVILLEA ON BALUSTRADE OVERHANGING LAKE WORTH

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The next house belonged to a Philadelphia family, and was just occupied. Into that we went, I marvelling at the tall palms planted the year before, but now without their props and looking as though they had grown there always. (In general, the planting at Palm Beach is rather monotonous; it would be well for the place if more good landscape architects were brought in to change the style and plant-material a little, but especially to use fewer varieties. This observation is, however, made from a very casual experience.) This last-mentioned house is in the Spanish monastic style — a bit ludicrous at Palm Beach, for is there time for contemplation there? It has very beautiful interiors, set forth with wonderful old furniture, tapestries, painted escutcheons. The detail of this house is enchanting. The garden, too, is very fine, the basin, the fountain, a rose-garden to one side beyond a wall; high walls enclose it, and on one of these the red bougainvillea is to grow, on the other the thunbergia. Beyond the main garden is a green raised terrace with a nice Spanish wall-fountain at the far end; and there I took a few photographs. As I was standing at the highest point of the garden, they had the great doors opened through the house to the

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sea, and I saw a steamer pass slowly on the Atlantic — a garden and a house between me and the ocean. The outer color of this house was pinkish, and all the planting before it green and white.

Coming home then we had luncheon and set forth again; this time to drive into a very well-known place — the house not yet open — with a superb lawn (where I hear men are kept working all summer long to keep the grass fit) and a fine planting of Spanish bayonet at walls and entrances, a good use of crotons and acalypha as well. A nice background for this stretch of lawn was got by the use of Australian pine and shrubs, such as pittosporum. This house is not nearly so bold in type as the others, and, while Spanish, is entirely furnished in the English manner.

The next house seen was finished last year; already the garden is overgrown, so tremendous is the pushing of stem and foliage in that climate. A perfect Spanish house with magnificent rooms, many old Moorish tiles used, niches in the walls for Spanish figures in colored wood or plaster, floors all of tiles, sometimes black and turquoise-blue together; interesting inside shutters of wood heavily carved and gilded and painted; and over



VILLA AT PALM BEACH IN THE MONASTIC STYLE

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the tiled floors very interesting rugs from an island near Sardinia. These houses gave me an impression of unreality; they were so much more gorgeous than anything I had ever seen except in old pictures or upon the stage; and set against a vivid sea and sky they are wonderfully striking. Mizzner is amazing for variety of idea in color, and for combination of it too; he makes many pots and vases at his kiln; and his way of ageing the pots is interesting. He has each unglazed pot of red clay soaked for a time in manure-water, then sand thoroughly sprinkled over it, when very soon it not only assumes a beautiful greenish color, but moss comes, and often tiny ferns begin to sprout from the moss. The process may not be attractive, the result is so.

Turning from the house last under discussion, one passes through a court into a garden in which old orange-trees, or ancient rubber-trees or banyans have been placed in balanced fashion, surrounding a lovely Spanish fountain and basin. One lifts the eyes, and a graceful tower, with palms below it, carries one to Seville or Granada. Across the court balconies, with light iron railings garlanded with bougainvillea or thunbergia, that heavenly lavender flower, or allamanda with its

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lemon-colored blossoms, smiles and invites; and just below in shadow there will be mysterious stone staircases winding up to unknown apartments. Beyond the garden was a small green space with orange-trees in fruit; then a high wall of the bluish stucco, and on the outside of that, as one looked back at the high arch over the entrance, was one of the most charming of pictures. Bougainvillea had covered the top of the blue arch, and nearly covered an old iron bell which hung from a delightful bit of iron work at an upper corner of the large gateway. Nothing more beautiful could be imagined than this bougainvillea in that place. The vine could never again be so well placed as there. The shadows of the mauve branches on the plaster, the sumptuous color of the higher branches against the sky — it was so paintable that one longed for colors and a brush.

The next day broke cool and cloudy, but, asked to see a certain house, off we went at about eleven to another of Mizner's houses, a magnificent pile not yet finished. This stands along the ocean highway in large grounds, and is really a much more important villa than any of the others.

The hall is very lofty, with a grand staircase curving up to the second floor; before we went up,



OLD ORANGE AND RUBBER TREES WITH OIL-JARS, IN A NEW GARDEN
AT PALM BEACH

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however, which I did in a little lift with our hostess, we saw the great reception-room, saw it from a dais of four steps above the room's level, and beheld one of the most magnificent possible apartments. At the far end of the room, lighted from the east by fine windows looking on the sea, was a mantel of carved stone, of unusual distinction. It had been in the Edson Bradley house in Washington, after coming long since from Europe. Wonderful tapestries hung about, beautiful rugs were everywhere, the color was rich yet subdued, mainly in tones of faded rose. (I thought how perfect in that room would be bowls of tulip *Le Rêve*.) Looking from the windows it was charming to see that a low border of blooming *bougainvillea* below a hedge of clipped privet lay along the whole line of blue ocean, beyond the lawn before the house. Below in the patio was another fine Spanish garden in full beauty of tropic plants; and on a rail sat a beauteous blue macaw, which had come that day, a present from the North.

After this we betook ourselves to the most important room of all — the dining-room — in the form of a Gothic chapel, with high groined ceiling, all of simulated stone, a magnificent mantel, and little images of various saints looking down upon

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the diners-to-come from their niches high on the side walls. At the ocean end the whole apse was of lovely Gothic windows open to the sea, with boughs of pine waving in one or two places beyond them against the blue of water. The effect was at once beautiful and most singular. I said to the owner: "You must insist on your women guests always wearing the richest of velvets and brocades to finish this picture." She laughed. She looked up at the saints and said: "I don't know whether I like them or not; I only hope St. Paul is there — I do like St. Paul."

Then into the patio where the top of a beautiful garden-table of very old tiles was being laid in concrete on the ground, and where the macaw made a spot of green-blue color, and where were many ancient choir-stalls from Spain waiting to find their proper place in that gorgeous house. I talked a little with a pretty and charming woman who had been much in Spain. I said: "Do you know Rusinol's 'Jardines de España'?" "Oh, yes," said she, "and we know *him*." And then, to my regret, we came away and I saw her no more in my dream. From time to time I asked people if they knew any of my favorite books on Spain and Spanish gardens, and not one knew any of them — only

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this one — so to lose her then was a tragedy of a kind.*

The latest expression of the taste in houses and gardens of a people who dare everything, who spare nothing to create what they desire — this is Palm Beach in its present phase. Beauty of a dramatic type is there; and for myself, I have of it a memory of brilliance and of kindness that will never fade.

As one thinks of gardens of California and of Florida, and of the charming adaptations now being made in these climates, Forestier's beautiful contribution to the literature of landscape architecture, just published, comes to mind—"Gardens: a Note-book of Plans and Sketches." These significant paragraphs occur under the heading of "Mediterranean Gardens": "The Southern people, though exuberant, are also suspicious and like to keep their homes secluded and private. That is why they shut out views of the outside world, except from terraces in mountainous regions, where the steepness is a protection against intrusion. Elsewhere views are enjoyed from the roofs of white or tiled pavilions and miradors,

* An excellent new garden book for the South and especially for Florida is "In Florida Gardens," by Mrs. Millar Wilson and Mrs. John A. Ferguson. Its lists of nearly seven hundred plants include conifers, grasses, palms, bulbs, broad-leaved trees, shrubs, and vines with their height, color, time of bloom, and whether hardy or tender.

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sheltered from the heat and wind. These enrich and diversify the picture in the walled garden, where the fountain sings its refreshing song in a marble basin or tiled pool.

“The love of bright colors shows itself in the vivid contrasts, which give a gorgeous setting to the flowers. Black fastigate cypress is against a snow-white wall, and close to the delicate blossoms of the peaches, almonds, apricots, over the wall fall the blazing purple flowers of the bougainvillea, tecoma, or roses. Anemones or tulips are framed with thick myrtle, and oleanders bend over a white marble bench and spread their fresh flowers against the whitened wall, above which gleams the light-blue of a clump of *Plumbago capensis* or the deep intense blue of ipomeas (*Ipomea leari* and *Ipomea rubro cœrulea*).

“Blue, so rarely found in flowers, is the dominating color of the tiles of the garden. Nothing can equal the effect of these tiles against the green foliage, or white walls, shining marble and red-brown bricks, or alongside of white marguerites (anthemis), yellow gazania, chrysanthemums, sunflowers or Persian roses and vermilion bougainvilleas. The deep-blue sky and the glittering bright light absorb and harmonize all this orgy of gorgeous color.”

XII

A WORD TO THE WISE
GARDEN CLUB

XII

A WORD TO THE WISE GARDEN CLUB

WHAT a thing it is to have a visitor who knows what good gardening is, and who, looking upon one's garden with a fresh eye, can and will tell its owner what is needed therein! Such was my good fortune a year ago.

"Why do you not move your lily-of-the-valley bed from the conspicuous spot where it now lies, and place it beyond the line of vision among the apple-trees?" "Really, I hardly know why I have not done this, but I shall do it at once." "Have you grown *Viburnum rhytidiphyllum*? Do you know *Celastrus orbiculatus*, the Japanese bitter-sweet?" "No, but these shall be got at once" — and they were. "Would not the spout of the pool-jet look better if it were smaller?" "Yes" — and this was changed. "Between your line of hedge and the grapes on the trellis to the north of the garden I believe two or three small flowering trees, preferably Japanese cherry, would break the monotony of that long line and give a fresh interest

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to that boundary of the garden. Do try this.” “Of course I shall,” and that also was accomplished with this departure from suggestion — that because this garden has very little fruit in it and because I am a firm believer in the idea of fruit and flowers together in the garden, that splendid peach, J. H. Hale, was set out instead of the ornamental subjects. “Standard white weigelas would improve your garden, I believe — would raise the levels agreeably and vary the forms.” This is one of the things yet to be done, but the advice is graven on my memory. Nothing so helps in the general idea of good gardening as such constructive criticism. The best gardeners always speak out boldly to each other; they share the serious interest in the garden, and know that truthful comment is the tonic thing.

If such a visitor as I have here described is not available, the next best thing is the counsel of your garden club. The *raison d'être* of a garden club is mutual pleasure through mutual help. As a rule it is not started through a feeling of altruism, but through one of need; though it soon becomes an altruistic organization by the very nature of its subject. And in view of the fact that the garden clubs of the country are constantly increasing in

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number, it occurs to me that a few reflections on their activities may not be unwelcome.

In every community men and women understand organization — the forming of a garden club is an easy matter. There are, too, several recognized sources of information on this matter, whereas ten years ago there were practically none. The movement, which we owe entirely to the Garden Club of Philadelphia, is little more than ten years old. Now, because most clubs are young and because the first, the vital need of youth is occupation, a few suggestions as to variety in such occupation may be in place here.

And first, the programme committee of each garden club should have its task lightened for it by the warmest possible co-operation of all the members. On the success of the variety in programme the life of a garden club depends. When a programme is submitted to a club for approval, members should feel free to speak their minds upon it. If perennials overbalance annuals, if roses crowd out sweet peas, if trees overshadow shrubs on such a programme, say that the composition does not please. If there should appear upon the list of meetings too many speakers from away — and this I think a fault which may easily become

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a habit — criticise that. The fact is, that while an occasional speaker may stir and stimulate in the happiest fashion, there are not so many of those who can, and a too constant indulgence in lectures results in slothful members.

For every member of a garden club should be up and doing in some capacity. Some can govern, lead; some can suggest, inspire; some can write, speak; some can sketch, paint, photograph gardens; some will have a gift for design; others the happy ability in organization necessary for the shows; and the inference is that all are able to garden. From this last fact spring all the others. For while engaged in work in and about the living subject of our gardens, few are those to whom the very plants themselves do not give something that may be imparted to others, ideas, suggestions, reflections. No, I repeat, there is no member of any garden club who should be considered in good standing therein, who does not, will not, help. Work is the watchword of a certain garden club, one of whose officers said laughingly to me not long ago: "We don't admit members any more who will not promise to work. In fact, our usual question now is, not 'Are you a good gardener?' but 'Are you healthy?'"



COPROSMA AND CLEMATIS MONTANA ON THE TERRACE BALUSTRADE AT PEPPER HILL

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In the conducting of meetings, I would make this suggestion to the person presiding. Get as many members as possible on their feet, at a given meeting. Stir up people to discuss your subject. Pungent was the remark of an experienced garden-club president made not long ago in speaking on discussion; she said: "We always hear what we say ourselves." Always have the first meeting of any beginning club an experience meeting, that is, the first after the one to organize. One's own gardening situations, grave or gay, afford help, pleasure, and not seldom fun. Never shall I forget the delicious comedy of a certain tomato crop, told in my hearing at such a meeting; the description of the vegetable, fine beyond compare, and the dénouement, consisting of a large green worm in every one! At this meeting sixty people were assembled, and each one was given two minutes, no longer. Insist on a time limit. Experiences break the ice, put members on a common footing, give immeasurable aid.

Then garden visits — these are made, I think, everywhere to-day in groups and by individuals. Gates stand wide now to all those interested in design, in planting, in color-arrangement. When I consider how people in countless numbers go up

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and down this land of ours to see gardens, yes travelling entirely for that, spending for that, I know that we are on our upward way, a way hung with beauty, and with all the virtues that come from love of beauty.

Has it occurred to garden clubs to hold exhibitions of flowers or shrubs or trees in spring, and of fruits of shrubs in autumn? How wonderfully this would increase our knowledge of such subjects; how would our horticultural horizons be enlarged if these were held each year and how quickly such procedure would create a proper discontent with what we have, for this is one of the departments of life in which the cry for more, more, is both natural and legitimate! Would anything be more delightful than an array of beautifully arranged groups of flowering shrubs, branches of the Japanese cherry, the pink hawthorn, of *Spirea henryi*, *Spirea veitchii*, *Spirea arguta*, *viburnum carlesi*, such chænomeles as *c. maulei*, *exochorda giraldi wilsoni* — always to be shown with its perfect pearls of buds?

A garden club might organize a show of lilacs only — or of philadelphus in its many varieties. Then what glories, what surprises of color in an autumn show of fruiting shrubs — all the range of

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color there, from the amber of the flowering cherries' fruits through the varicolored haws of species roses, to the cotoneaster's scarlet berries, and the wondrous turquoise blue of *vitis heterophylla*, to the blue-blacks of viburnums and of privets and the pure white of the snowberry, all accompanied by leaves in such hues as fit their fruits the best; leaves that are in themselves a never-ending treasure of autumnal pleasure.

An arrangement on our own dinner-table lately gives me another thought as to garden-club shows. A low bowl filled with spraying leaves of the Japanese maple, then in their prettiest crimson and scarlet; two small high glass dishes at either end holding three beautiful King David apples, with one long hanging cluster of Tokay grapes. The King Davids take a wonderful polish when rubbed. They are a small apple of rich ruby-red color. The candles' soft light on all these delicious reds and crimsons gave a glow to the mind as well as to the table on a dismal evening in November. And when later the tall fruit-dishes I have mentioned, with pairs of candlesticks and a large silver tray, became the ornaments of an old sideboard of mahogany, I envied no one their decorative effects. I wondered, too, whether this sideboard — for it

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was Daniel Webster's own at Marshfield — had ever looked even to him as interesting when, as we know, he set upon this very piece his famous celery in tall glasses, and was not satisfied with that product of his garden unless the blanched leaves touched his dining-room's low ceiling. Yet Webster was not the only statesman who has felt this keen interest in his garden's products.

Grapes and apples in their two tones of red, with the finely cut, flaming leaves in the centre, recall Sir William Eden's vigorous passage on the decoration of tables:

"Fruit is the proper decoration for a dinner table, not flowers. I am sure the Greeks only had fruit. Orchardson, in that picture of 'The Young Duke,' I think it is, has fruit only in the wonderfully painted accessories of the dinner-table. The Dukes are all alike, but the fruit and plate are not. But not all fruit is beautiful. Oranges and bananas, for instance, are not. Grapes, apples, pears, and pineapples are. What is more beautiful than black grapes with the bloom on them in a silver or gold dish?"

Why do not the garden clubs, following the example of the larger, older societies of horticulture in all lands, have classes for fruit and vegetables

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in all flower shows? Nothing is richer in decorative possibilities than fruit beautifully arranged for exhibition, nor are finely grown vegetables far behind in this respect; and if garden clubs everywhere would branch out to include these two other products of our gardens, an immense interest would arise in the growing of them, and each individual learn more quickly how to be "healthy, wealthy, and wise."

The classification of every show should be most carefully done and modelled upon the best examples obtainable. Chances for education are often lost by careless plans in this respect, or by following inadequate or obsolete ones. There should be much more done between members in the way of contests in garden plans. These contests should not be always for an entire garden, but for features of it — perhaps a contest in garden steps for a given situation, and the planting of them; for a recess with seat; for the best setting and planting of a sun-dial; but always with regard to surroundings, always to be in scale. What could be finer than such a competition as the Society of Little Gardens of Philadelphia has lately held, with the object of stimulating interest in the artistic development of the small home garden? The competi-

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tion was one of photographs of actual small gardens. Why not such a competition within the confines of a single garden club? The three points to be judged for might well be those of the Philadelphia Society — artistic effect of planting, best use of available space, artistic merit of photograph.

All this presupposes some knowledge of garden design, of garden effects; and why should not the average garden club, on beginning its career, take for its guide and adviser some good book on landscape and gardening art, and study it, as women's clubs the country over make out literary programmes? Nothing better is there, nothing more applicable to the needs of the day in this direction than "An Introduction to the Study of Landscape Design," by Hubbard and Kimball. Here are chapters dealing with "Natural Forms of Ground"; "Rock and Water as Elements in Design"; "Planting Design"; "Design of Structures in Relation to Landscape." And this is not technically written; it is for all who are seriously interested in beauty out of doors, and must remain our standard work upon this engrossing subject.

In thinking further in this direction, I would suggest a meeting each season to consider together the spring catalogues of seeds, plants, and trees.

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The tree lists might well be discussed at a special autumn meeting, for most trees, with the exception of the Lombardy poplar, must have fall planting. Not half enough attention is paid to the best lists. We order from them and lay them aside in some corner or on a forgotten shelf. But to mention only one or two, the illustrated list from B. H. Farr, of Wyomissing, Pennsylvania; the first pages of Farquhar's, of Boston, on which new and rare shrubs and plants are offered; Dreer's and Vaughan's general lists, so accurate, so carefully compiled — all these are packed with information which no one should miss, information sure to give rise to profitable discussion.

Through such study, also, distinctions between varieties of a certain flower will soon become familiar to the gardener. To too many people still pink phlox is pink phlox — a primrose by the river's brim; it should be Phlox Pantheon, Phlox W. C. Egan, Phlox Mme. Paul Dutrie, Phlox Elizabeth Campbell, Phlox Rhinelander. Until we can recognize the varieties of a given flower, we know little or nothing about it. Fancy the amusement of those who are informed on peonies, for example, if Marie Jacquin were to be confused with Solange; or in irises, if Richard II and Lord of June were

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not known from each other? Yet ignorance of varieties leads to just such foolish mistakes as these. If we are to be an intelligent gardening country, we must study the seed and plant lists; and as these publications are free to all individuals, I cannot conceive of a better occupation for one meeting a year in all garden clubs than the consideration of these gay and insidious harbingers of spring. Lists of special flowers: rose lists, peony lists, iris lists, should receive attention, too; and if interesting criticism comes up, as it is likely to do, at such meetings, send these criticisms to the publishers of the lists; they will be happy to receive such help and the whole cause of horticulture will thus receive an upward impetus through your club.

I wish that every club might become a collector of a specified plant: one club become famous for its peonies, one for lilies, one for daffodils, another for its many varieties and tests of zinnias, another, where soil or climate allow, for its azaleas, its rhododendrons. Clubs should send individual members or committees to visit the national exhibitions, the great botanical gardens of the country, the Arnold Arboretum, the New York, Brooklyn, and Missouri Botanical Gardens. All garden clubs, too, should lend their aid to the movement for the es-

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tablishment of the great National Botanical Garden in contemplation for Washington, under the auspices of the National Fine Arts Commission.

For the spreading of garden clubs, it is only necessary that clubs should help in their own localities. I might here cite the example of that vigorous and useful club at Lookout Mountain, Tennessee, organized some seven years ago, through which eight other garden clubs in and near Chattanooga have sprung into active life. In certain clubs people not members are asked to exhibit at flower shows; and this will certainly give rise to community shows — in fact, though bearing the name of a garden club, it is a community show. When a garden club reaches the point where it becomes the court of appeal, the arbiter of out-of-door beauty in its locality — and this it should become — its reason for existence is fully established.

To return for a moment to the idea of a course of study for garden clubs, a greater intelligence in botany is needed by gardeners everywhere. In the chapter, "A Word for Books," in "Art Out-of-Doors" (that book by Mrs. Van Rensselaer which I am so delighted to know is again in print), this passage occurs: "Compelled by a wisely insistent friend to open my botany, I was amazed to find

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that the identifying of plants was quite as amusing and a great deal easier than the reading of verbal puzzles; that when one was identified it became like a personal possession, doubly beautiful, doubly interesting; and that as soon as I had identified a few, the whole aspect of the summer world was changed for me. It was as though all my life I had gone with veiled eyes among people whose language I could not speak, and now the veil had been lifted and the language explained. I really saw the things that were before me — the little as well as the big things, and every part and peculiarity of the biggest ones; and I really began to appreciate them, to recognize their peculiar beauties, to feel the charm of their personalities. The green tangle by the roadside, which before I had seen as a pretty tangle merely, now became a lovely intertwining of a dozen different shrubs and vines; and it was only when each thus began to speak for itself to the eye that the composite beauty of the group was manifest.”

Knowledge of botany then acquired, another forward step for members of garden clubs lies in hybridizing, and here it is singularly pleasant to record the activity of the Garden Club of Williams-

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port, Pennsylvania, in this direction. In a certain spring this club sent to its members small packets of dahlia seed, together with a tiny printed leaflet of instructions for growing and the suggestion that fine hybrids might result from such seed trials. What a forward step for one group to have taken in horticulture! Let more of the clubs follow this plan, though not of necessity with seeds of this plant. The iris, the peony, the lily, the gladiolus, vistas of lovely "breaks" in flowers may be seen here by any one with a spark of imagination; in this direction alone are such fields and pastures new as to fire the dullest to a joyous activity, to lead him thus to a fuller appreciation of all garden beauty. Who was it who said of people generally that they "pursue culture in groups, afraid to face it alone"? But this group education of the amateur gardener in America is already having its good effect upon the individual and upon the countryside. It will raise up gardeners whose occupation within their own boundaries shall be so exquisitely engrossing as to keep them there, happy in at least a partial solitude. Therefore the more fastidious should not find fault with our present gregarious habits, but look at them for what they are, a means to an end.

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And what an end ! For “gardening,” as a stranger writes me, “is the key to unlock all hearts.”

A smile amid dark frowns

A belovéd light,

A solitude, a refuge, a delight.

XIII
GARDENING IN WINTER

XIII

GARDENING IN WINTER

I HAVE been re-reading that lightest, most charming of all books inspired by a garden, "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." The copy is the one with the lovely illustrations in color, issued after this little book had gone through as many as twenty-one editions. And I find myself as exquisitely amused and pleased now as when I first saw it years ago. A book to enjoy but not to analyze; a writer often to be agreed with. "I am always happy (out-of-doors, be it understood, for indoors there are servants and furniture) but in quite different ways — for my spring happiness bears no resemblance to my summer and autumn happiness, though it is not more intense." I contend that the great impetus to general gardening in America was due in equal measure to this gay little publication, and to Mrs. Ely's "A Woman's Hardy Garden." The former created the desire to garden; the latter gave practical advice toward the garden's making. To capture the imagination

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is the first thing in writing upon an art and an occupation; detailed direction will then have a careful hearing.

With books one's garden is one's constant companion in winter; in fact, perhaps in winter most of all. The lively fancy of the gardener forms such pictures of the garden as may not be fully realized, but the pleasure is there — those melodies that are unheard are sweeter — and the fact remains that whatever is accomplished in a season to come must be immeasurably more beautiful than if that imagination had not earlier been given full play.

To garden in winter is the hope, the eager wish now of thousands upon thousands who have lately learned to garden in the three other seasons. But *how* to garden in winter? Through books. With these, with that rake of the mind and eye which gathers everything in, with that sickle of the imagination which reaps the loveliest of all harvests, one may garden in winter from the last chrysanthemum to the first snowdrop. With the coming of the earliest seed-list the fire of garden interest begins to flame in the mind of all interested in gardening, and the date of this first seed-list in America is now January tenth.

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Before turning now, however, to some mention of a few books of varying types, taken quite at random, the question naturally occurs, what qualities must the really good garden book have?

The garden book must be indispensable. It must contain such sound and simple information that the amateur needs it. It must be written with at least a touch of life, of fire, for otherwise it will give no pleasure in the reading. Its English must be more than merely good; it should be almost inspired, because of the rare, the enthralling subject, and thus the good garden book becomes possessed of that strange quality we call charm. How it is with others I cannot tell, but in one page of a new book on gardening this quality either flies out to me or its wings stay folded and there is no charm; and, while I would not say that every book on gardening must have charm, I do affirm that this rejoices any reader with a spark of temperament, and often stirs him into beneficent gardening activity.

Among the small practical books for beginners in gardening is Miss Shelton's "The Seasons in a Flower Garden." Not only is the instruction given in this small volume sound, but a fine taste pervades it, giving the book an added value, making

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it a true asset in all garden propaganda. The set of small books called "The Little Garden Series" will have a great influence on the small garden in America. Of these, Mrs. Harding's "Peonies in the Little Garden" is already referred to as the best book upon the flower; Fletcher Steele's "Design in the Little Garden" is a masterly brief for the garden plan, and Mrs. Walter Brewster's "The Little Garden for Little Money" is as lively as it is practical, and charming to boot.

"Taming the Wildings," a new and delightful handbook by Herbert Durand, has as its objective the larger use in our gardens of our own magnificent native flora. The great William Robinson has always pressed this cause, and will congratulate us upon this book. Professor Sydney Mitchell's new book, "The Iris in California," is a fine contribution to the literature of the subject. Mrs. Wilder's delightful and valuable books take an important place. Indeed, an American gardening literature may be said to be here. Begun long ago by Downing, carried on through the years by Ellwanger, Parkman, by the editors of *Garden and Forest*, and a few others, we now have the beginnings of such a literature to meet the needs of our own conditions, to fill the hearts of a people

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hungry for gardens with winter as well as with summer joy.

Reference books must have a word. These are, of course, headed in England by Nicholson, in America by Bailey's great "Cyclopedia." It is not necessary to do more than mention this last. We all know and use it; none could garden seriously without it. Mabel Cabot Sedgwick's "The Garden Month by Month" is invaluable on one's shelf; and now appears the long-expected "Standardized Plant Names," a most important volume which is sure to bring order out of confusion in our present use of the names of growing things.

It is true that "there is nothing so easy as for most garden writers to fall into a kind of sentimentality," and there is nothing which so offends. Such writing is fruitless; and of what use is any writing that is not effective? Unless the feeling about gardening is tempered always by the hard knowledge of gardening routine, and by some sense of humor, there is a danger here to all who would write on gardening.

But here are three books which well illustrate what garden books should have. They are E. A. Bowles's three: "My Garden in Spring," "My Garden in Summer," "My Garden in Autumn."

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When Mr. Bowles speaks I listen; when he writes I read; when he suggests I always, or nearly always, wish to follow. Not only have these books the underlying strength of a great knowledge of botany, but the eye of the writer is a cultivated eye, his soul seeks beauty; yet there is a spice of humor too. "Mere man that I am," writes he, "I stumbled along for years in masculine ignorance, using a mason's trowel, old dinner knife, and such bungling root-cutting tools for the fine work of seedling selecting, until a practical cousin of the fairer sex caught me using one of the best silver forks that I had taken out. She said: 'What you want is a cook's fork, and I will send you one.' How was I to know cooks had forks designed by heaven for the use of gardeners? Go thou and buy two, one of the largest size for general use, and one a size smaller for weeding out grass, *Poa annua* especially, among delicate bulbous things, and you will bless me every time you use them if your heart is not of stone." There is no choice among these three books; they are equally valuable and full of charm, and every one who gardens should possess them.

"Handasyde" has written "The Four Gardens," and who knows this charming book is a fortunate

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person. Here are the titles of its chapters: "The Haunted Garden," "The Old-Fashioned Garden," "The Poor Man's Garden," "The Rich Man's Garden." While this is really a book of delicately told tales, gardens are its theme, and text and illustrations, too, give an atmosphere only comparable to that of Agnes and Egerton Castle's "Our Sentimental Garden," a book which offers me exquisite delight from many points of view. In this is that vivacity and wit belonging to all books by the clever and cultivated Irish, to whom Mrs. Castle belonged. The same nice quality is in Constance O'Brien's "The Guild of the Garden Lovers," a gay little performance in which gardening is discussed by a group of young married women.

Perhaps the most important of all the more sumptuous books on gardening are those noble monographs, "The Genus Rosa," by Miss Willmott; "The Genus Iris," by Mr. Dykes, and others of the same series. In this series each monograph is by an authority; the flowers are superbly shown in colors, and whoever owns the set need not go to Bailey for botanical information on the special flower. There are, too, those glorious books issued by the Country Life

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Press, London — “Gardens Old and New” and “Gardens of Italy.” Here are photographic records of the older and more modern gardens of Great Britain and Italy — pictures unsurpassed for mechanical excellence. Perhaps because of the masterly effect of composition shown by the photographer these pictures may do more for us than if we were to stand ourselves upon that ground!

“Some English Gardens,” by Miss Jekyll and George Elgood, is one of the most beautiful of existing books on gardening; Margaret Waterfield’s “Garden Colour” has its own beauty and charm; Lady Eden’s “A Garden in Venice” also. Josiah Conder’s “Landscape Gardening in Japan” is the authority on its subject, and at the same time one of the fine books of any garden library. Its second volume or supplement has chapter-headings such as could not occur in any other book in exactly these forms: “Origin of Garden Lanterns,” “Religious Origin of Garden Pagodas,” “Garden Wells,” “Garden Bridges.” Piggot’s tall, slender and enchanting book, “The Garden of Japan,” makes a delicate companion for the great Conder. In “Warley Gardens” we have a large volume of pictures of the renowned garden of the great botanist, Miss Ellen Willmott. “Gar-

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den Ornament," by Miss Jekyll, is a magnificent affair largely of pictures, with short introductions to the chapters on Terraces, Balustrades, Gateways, Pergolas, Treillage, Bridges, Seats, Flower Borders. But Miss Jekyll's work rose I think to its peak when "Colour Schemes for the Flower Garden" was published. "Wood and Garden," "Home and Garden," "Lilies for English Gardens," "Wall and Water Gardens," — all these translate without difficulty for our American gardening needs; and "Colour in the Flower Garden" has become almost a handbook for the advanced amateur here. "Flower Decoration in the House" is not nearly well enough known; its key-note is struck by the beautiful frontispiece, an arrangement of *Clematis paniculata* in a Chinese bowl; and what lovely objects we should have for the eye to rest upon, especially in winter, if the beauty of the picture "Fruit Simply Arranged on a Pewter Dish with Vine and Fig Foliage" were to sink into our minds. Every one throughout the host of English-speaking amateur gardeners relies upon what Miss Jekyll advises, follows what she has written as best she can; and fortunate indeed are we to whom these sound and beautiful books are available.

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There are, too, in our plots of garden books — for often the shelves of the room in which I write seem to me a garden in themselves — the ramblers among books. Here are the books whose chapters are like those long canes so familiar to us all, flinging themselves in every direction, but flowering so deliciously in their season; with a bloom that rewards one in a day for all the work of months. Such books are Calthrop's "The Charm of Gardens," Anna Lea Merritt's "An Artist's Garden," and to mention it once more, "Our Sentimental Garden."

This I will say: that the books of greatest distinction on general gardening thus far written by American women are Mrs. Van Rensselaer's "Art Out of Doors," Mrs. Wharton's "Italian Villas and Their Gardens," and Mrs. W. A. Hutcheson's "The Spirit of the Garden." The text and illustrations of Mrs. Wharton's book are perfect for their subject. This really great book is a suitable introduction for Mrs. Van Rensselaer's, which neither has pictures nor needs them; a book which transmutes the "garden-magic" (to use Mrs. Wharton's favorite phrase) of other countries into a garden-magic for our own. And Mrs. Hutcheson's, with its pungent writing, its delightful pho-

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tographs, crystallizes the whole subject for the American present. The new edition of Miss Shelton's "Beautiful Gardens in America" records through the finest photographs the great development of good taste in gardening in this country since 1914, when the book was first published. This book all should have who are interested in garden design and garden planting as now practised here. It is a lesson and a delight; and I would advise those who get the new edition to compare it carefully with the old — in which comparing they will find the lesson.

There can be no respecting of nationality where the good garden book is concerned. Not in this matter could or should we say "America First." As our architects have in all the years of our history gone to the Old World for their models but are now evolving a style which is the flowering of our own genius, so in gardening we must go for general ideas of design and fitness to those old lands beyond the stream of ocean, there to see in gardens an antique beauty mellowed by the years. And, though we are agreed, perhaps, that in Italy and England the beauty of gardens has reached its highest perfection, let us not forget the gardens of Spain, of France, of Holland, of Portugal,

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of all those countries large and small where for centuries the practice has been the loving cultivation of plants, and the formal or free use of them in gardens.

Lately, while on a journey, I looked up from the pages of that most discerning and beautiful book on gardening, Clutton-Brock's "Studies in Gardening," and saw that the train had stopped across a busy street of one of the most important motor-making cities of the country. I looked out at the rushing people on the street, the multitude of halted cars with engines and occupants panting to get on, and I thought to myself: "What are they after, what do they want? Is any one of these numbers here below the car-window awake to loveliness, to beauty, to gardening? Some of course are; but how few show it! It is all written on the faces — starved minds, discontented and unhappy hearts" — and I felt almost selfish in having before me such a book as I was reading. Mine was the magic carpet to carry me out of the tiresome train into a paradise of color, of fragrance; into that paradise of gardening, not a painted paradise, but one where all is change, growth, development; to that paradise into which, when the American public shall have come *through books*

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it will know one of the most sweet and satisfying of all the happinesses this world can give.

It is a temptation, one to which I gladly yield, to quote here from a letter appearing not so long ago in *The Times Literary Supplement*, from Professor Henry Tonks, and which bears directly upon this whole subject:

“A mighty current has seized us in which the individual seems as helpless as a cork. But an even better picture can be made of the present state of man: he seems to me to stand in a little cell, trowel in hand, the only entrance to which he has laboriously built up with bricks so that his head, with a contented, fatuous smile upon his face, can just be seen above the last line of his handiwork. In a few moments he will have filled up the gap and will sink back into the utter darkness.

“We are, as fast as we can, giving up the use of our hands — in fact, it is ‘hands up’ to a machine-gun. The machine, by its capacity of producing in numbers, must inevitably prevent the training of the craftsman, and if the craftsman only exists to minister to a few exquisites his existence will not be very long. It is curious that a great many people know this, but regard it as

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simply inevitable: and perhaps it is, and we must wait till petroleum and coal have given out and then laboriously begin again. . . . We must buy up everything that was ever made by hand and put it into singularly ugly buildings of approved standardized design, and display it in such fashion that nobody could believe that it ever did take a part in the life of man, so that the poor standardizers shall not be depressed, and though this will debase us and lead us to darkness, most people will be quite happy."

This is a voice from England; but conditions are much the same on this side and some of us are grateful that gardens and gardening seem to have captured the imagination of many more Americans than have ever before been so enmeshed. For well we know that this may be the beginning of a brighter, freer time.

XIV

GARDEN HAPPINESS

XIV

GARDEN HAPPINESS

“**D**ESTRUCTION is always so much easier than construction at any time, especially under thirty years of age,” says a recent writer. “But till the good ‘old oaken bucket,’ ‘the biscuits mother used to make,’ the house blessing worked in enduring worsted, and all that they stand for can be replaced by things equally stanch and true, it would seem to be more sensible and useful to seek out ways and means to reinforce these homely bulwarks of the nation, and to turn the full force of young blood and new ideas on a situation frankly admitted by all to be a hard-pressed one.”

I know two families of young people in two different cities, both pairs under thirty, who have lately with their first spare money laid good foundations for future welfare and happiness. One pair, instead of indulging in a fine motor on the instalment plan, have bought a piece of land in a suburb; the other a second-hand piano for the delight of themselves, their children, and their

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friends — not a victrola. And while these young people cannot be said to have actually adhered to the “house blessing worked in enduring worsted,” they certainly have present and future house blessings in these real possessions.

An acre of land is an immense stimulus to the imagination; plans are making every day for its use, even a few irises have been set in a far corner against that time ‘when the little garden shall be created there. In the other family’s house, around the piano three generations happily gather for singing and playing; and while the piano is, as I said, second-hand, it has already become the magnet to draw outside people with voices to its place against the wall. Was it George Eliot who said that no courtship was so perfect as that in which the lovers could sing together? I say that no family can or should be so happy together as that in which there is good music by both younger and older, and this I assert after a long experience of music in the house. No matter how amateurish such music may be in its performance, if good things are chosen to be played or sung, that is the main thing. (There is, incidentally, a little collection by Osgood, called “Rounds, Carols and Songs,” which should be the first songs of all little



"THE CRAGS," GARDEN OF MRS. CARL WHITE, FORMER PRESIDENT OF THE GARDEN CLUB OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN

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children, "in my feeble opinion." I am sad when I hear most of the music given to-day in the public schools to the small, learning ear and mind of the child. Most of it is as colorless and thin as water, and not nearly so refreshing as that element.)

But to return to the little book of songs mentioned above. Against the picture that comes to mind as I think of that, the picture of two or three delighted children standing beside a piano, singing beautiful music with all their little might, I set another: this time of a dark, upright object, on which fingers are not playing, but disks revolving, and from which come far too often the sounds of cheap vulgarity, the coarse voice of a coarse man, perhaps, giving to listening children the things they should not hear—music made by machine; mechanical music from the enormous music-boxes which have not for me even the charm of the little Swiss ones of my childhood, whose tinkle is a delicate recollection:

"the silvery tinkling of an old
And gentle music-box that played a tune."

All the value of the victrola, the mechanical piano, as resources in lonely places, as things dis-

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tinctly educational, agreeably diverting, I know. To hear that rich and satisfying voice of Louise Homer, for example, in the remote camp, on the far-voyaging ship, is one of the rare good fortunes of us who live in this almost magical time of invention. On the other hand, and for those who are young and learning, even this happy educational side of the victrola cannot, to my mind, outweigh the fact that it is a stultifying thing, because it is a mechanical one. And not only mechanical music do we have so commonly now, but mechanical acting as set forth in the movies — machinery in action before which a very large proportion of Americans spend at least one-twelfth of each day.

Realities are what we need to-day, real things, not the sawdust ones such as the substitutes named in the sentences above. We need in the house the piano, the violin; we need, instead of the apartment, the little house with its own small piece of productive ground around it. What did I see the other day on Park Avenue a little north of the Grand Central Station but, to my joy, this sign on a large apartment-house now building: "An acre of garden"; and what other sign did I notice at the same time on Madison Avenue upon a

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small apartment-building but this as an inducement to rent: "Real Kitchens." These are but signs of the times. They reflect the wish to satisfy what are the true longings, the desires of people generally. The real-estate agent knows what tenants long for; they are constantly telling him; and these signs hung for all passers-by to read are cheering signs to those who feel that Americans have been living far too long upon that which is not bread. Too often has the automobile seemed to be almost a substitute for the quiet, permanent dwelling-place. I have often bewailed, and shall continue to regret, the tremendous acreage of productive ground in this country now covered by the floors of garages everywhere; the sweet earth hidden from sight, fouled with oil or gasoline when all this space might, in many cases, have been left open for the growing of the freshest of peas, spinach, beans, the reddest of apples, on dwarf trees perhaps, the pinkest of roses for delight in June.

Sometimes a man is inclined toward the real through an interest in the artificial. Two instances of this occur to me. One that of a man who for a long time has been a salesman for a wholesale business of women's hats; this man,

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through much enjoyment of the artificial flowers upon the summer hats especially, came to have a great desire for a garden. A garden he has now achieved; and his peonies, lilacs, lilies, and roses are not surpassed by anybody's that I know. Another is the case of a boy who in a small Middle Western town used to pack women's hats for his sister, who was a milliner; though he became in later years a farmer, he renounced that to practise gardening — flower-gardening — and is now one of the most expert in his profession.

The spread of the garden interest over all America during the past twenty years is a thing to wonder at; yes, and a thing to be grateful for for many reasons. No lover of beauty but wishes the whole world to share it. No lover of his country but wants it beautiful through man as it is beautiful through nature. Garden clubs are springing up in all directions; garden periodicals are eagerly bought and read. So are garden books; the great pilgrimages to see the lilacs at the Arnold Arboretum at Boston, and in Highland Park, Rochester; those of the Rose Society, or the other plant societies, were never so large or so enthusiastic as in this last spring and summer. One of the most interesting movements is the

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recent federating of the garden clubs of New York State, whose announced intention is to work for the beauty of the small or cottage garden. This, in the words of one of the members, means that the gardens specially to be encouraged by the federation are those of "the poor, the near-poor, and the well-to-do."

But, getting back to the original contention, when one has a garden one has something at which one must work oneself. Here is a real thing. Thank Heaven, one cannot turn a crank and grow flowers; neither can one press a button, or merely pay a fee perhaps, and produce the glorious bloom of tall mock-oranges, those shrubs whose lovely flowers and delicious fragrance are filling me with joy at this moment in my garden. No. Thought, care, work, time, all these must be put into gardening before even the least effective planting can become attractive. Kipling puts it in his familiar line:

Gardens are not made

By singing "Oh, how beautiful!" and sitting in the shade.

But, aside from the chance that gardening gives for men and women to enjoy themselves in a wholesome and rewarding way, it gives that which no pursuit, no act mechanically reproduced,

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can possibly give: the chance to create. This is what we all long for, whether we know it or not. It is the creative faculty dormant in almost all of us that needs to-day to be waked throughout our people. Machines will never bring this out. Only our own individual efforts in some good direction will give us the joy that is one of the best of all joys — that of the feeling of personal power in some occupation or 'art. A return to the realities is what we need. When we deal individually and directly with such realities as the land, the crafts, the arts, then we shall have individual happiness in individual effort; then we shall have the beauty for which we all are hungry. It is a return to work with the hands as well as with the mind that we must practise, preach, and pray for. How well such gospel is set forth in that delightful little book lately published by the Women's Institutes of England, "Home and Country Arts," by Professor W. A. Lethaby! This is a tiny book, sold for only seventy-five cents in this country; but I think in all my life I have never read a finer plea for real things, for beautiful things, than is in these pages. "Work," says Mr. Lethaby, "is a sacred thing, and I have wished above all to stir the instinct for making and doing. Work is the

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great reality, beauty is the great aim. Full satisfaction is only to be found in the common beauty of the common things of the common life."

This very evening, in the dusk, I was walking in my garden alone. The air was full of sweetness from great walls or cascades of the mock-orange, from heavy peonies in full bloom, whose white or rose-colored petals weighed the plants almost to the ground, from valerian or garden heliotrope, white with flowers. Outside the wall of green made by tall spruces, I heard voices. One said: "Do look at those peonies — aren't they wonderful!" I called to the strangers, asking them to enter, to wander where they would. In they came, and we spent a few moments together enjoying the soft sight of many blooming flowers, the sweet scents in the dew, the rich greens of foliage and turf in the fading light; then I left them still exclaiming over the beauty of what they saw. But we had had together, these three unknown women and I, that satisfaction of the common beauty of the common things of the common life; and such moments leave one happier. They make for friendships through a common and rarely fine interest, an interest in the things that grow, an interest than which there is no better for body,

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mind, or spirit. Each one has his own most real thing. Mine is the garden. And the best wish that I can wish for any one is that he may have a garden of his own, a little garden in which, through work and sweet imaginings he may find a creative happiness unknown to those without this dear possession.

APPENDIX
PLANTING SUGGESTIONS FOR
VARIOUS HOUSES

It should be explained that these small houses were planned in the interests of economy. The plant suggestions were also made with this in mind. If there seems a lack of variety in plant-subjects it is for the reason that those that are both reliable and beautiful have been named, and of such there are not many. It may be added that plans for these houses may be obtained from the editors of *McCall's Magazine*, through whose courtesy this material is used.

PLANTING SUGGESTIONS



Designed by Otto R. Eggers.

Such a house as this, so gay, almost coquettish in type, would allow of many small adventurous garden doings. An elm stands back of and to the right of the house, maples beyond that, and at the nearer left-hand corner, a slender graceful tree, perhaps a birch, or better still, a tall growing Japanese cherry, *prunus subhirtella*, for choice, so lovely in April with pale pink blossoms. Where low shrubs are seen in the sketch, instinct calls at once for rhododendrons or box if climate permits. Anywhere near or south of Philadelphia box can be wintered with safety.

Within the picturesque wall to the right below the living-room windows, what a chance for a garden of gay flowers!

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This, to be sure, can be reached only by the path of stepping-stones from the front door; but it would be easy of informal access from the rear porch, over the grass.

Such a garden would have as its birthright a sense of privacy, a sheltered intimacy. To one side of the little garden a pergola of light saplings (posts, and saplings for the top) might be made, for roses and grapes together. This might lead to a little seat or tea-house. A profusion of gay annual and perennial flowers should appear in the walled garden. Here every color should be seen: purple, scarlet, yellow, and a very great deal of blue and white in flowers. In such a little garden as this, slim pyramidal arbor-vitæ, or low round forms of that evergreen, might be set at intervals, when, kept well clipped, they would add immensely to the interest of the flower beds or borders.

Here and there against the brick of the first story of the house such a small close creeper as *ampelopsis Loui* might well be grown; but the cottage has such variety of outline and texture that it needs very little green upon it.

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Designed by A. L. Lloyd.

The planting suggestions about this little house of Mr. Lloyd's are nice in the sketch, but it is unlikely that the builder of the house can buy a city or town lot on either side of his own for the simple purpose of growing elms upon them. Therefore, lovely as are those tall old trees in those spots, we should consider them as absent.

And first: I should never have window-boxes of flowers against any house which has enough ground around it to grow flowers where they always should be grown, that is, in the ground. Window-boxes belong where earth is scarce — in the city. If those dark mounds of foliage in the angle of the walls are evergreens, that is good; but perhaps better would be such evergreens as the Japanese yew, *taxus baccata*, one plant of this in each place, or *pinus mugho*, the dwarf pine. At the outer corners of the house the dark mound of

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foliage should be the cotoneaster, of the variety called *horizontalis*, which when grown close against a wall has a lovely heaped-up effect.

For the back part of the lot nothing could be better than a low clipped hedge, with a little gate, either for a screen or a dividing line, as shown in the picture; the hedge might be, if not of privet, of bush honeysuckle, *Lonicera tatarica*.

From the street to the front door I should do a daring thing and plant at intervals of six to eight feet on either side of the walk, a line of dwarf fruit trees, little fruit trees such as are sold by the Van Dusen Nurseries at Geneva, N. Y., apples for preference, or pears, but all of one kind. Fancy a front walk lighted by such day-time lamps as the red globe of the apple Delicious, or by the golden drops of the Bartlett pear. Every one who reads this will say: "What a place for fruit — it would be stolen at once." I say: "If everybody grew fruit on just such a little place as this, there would be no one left to want to steal it."

Against the right wall of the house a bush or two, of Regel's privet, or a good philadelphus or mock orange, such as *p. coronarius*, would look well, placed beyond the farther window, next the hedge. But unless in the space below the windows in the front walls, the windows of stairway and of living-room, I should not have flowers. In those spaces, between the shrubs, a little planting of ever-blooming flowers such as, next the house, dwarf white cannas; below those, white geraniums, in the front white verbenas — these would look well and give variety to the general look of the house in summer.

PLANTING SUGGESTIONS



Designed by Walter B. Chambers.

While this pretty house, with its attractive plan, is all very well, its planting as seen in the perspective drawing pleases me not at all. The walk connecting the piazza at the right with the entrance door, and both with the street, is very wasteful of the mere pittance of grass allowed for between house and street, and brings too much cement or other material before the eye; and the suggestion of a hooded bench or covered seat against the wall of the house toward the street is unfortunate, to say the least. For who would wish to sit, though embowered in roses, with a book or a mending-basket, only twelve feet from the gaze of every stranger that passes by?

Instead of the seat and arbor against that wall, if a blank wall it must be, why not start *ampelopsis veitchii* (Japanese ivy) in two places at the base of the wall, and let those

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leaves clothe the bareness of it, as they would in a year or two? Just to the left of the piazza — opening toward the sidewalk — set a plant of *wistaria multijuga*, to be trained to the right along the roof line of the piazza. Against the left end of this house wall, and about four feet from it toward the street, place one plant of *philadelphus coronarius* (syringa, or mock orange), and below that a group of three to five plants of *spirea arguta*. The mock orange will grow into a small tree, and its white bloom will be beautiful against the ivy-covered wall; while the lower *spireas* will bloom much earlier. ‘

Use the drive as a walk to the main door, laying a short walk at right angles to connect drive with doorway. A low clipped hedge of *privet ibota* might completely outline the grass before the house, as well as stand where it is, ending at the sidewalk. The *spireas* will run round to the left toward the first window of the living-room; a few Japanese barberries might be set there (Thunberg's barberry) with some cotoneasters (the variety *horizontalis*, a lovely, low-growing shrub), from the left of the main door all along that side of the house. But this is all.

Never set an evergreen spruce, or fir as it is shown in this sketch. These are detached; they look lonely. Never use a Colorado blue spruce under any circumstances whatever, unless you live in Denver or the region of the Rockies. Those trees are not fitted for Eastern gardens, and look out of place from the very beginning.

The little plan for lawn and vegetable garden in the rear is very nice indeed; and between these two a gay little flower garden might be made, to be enjoyed from the dining alcove, with a little walk through it on the axis of the window opening on that veranda.

PLANTING SUGGESTIONS



Designed by Grosvenor Atterbury.

I was overjoyed to see that the architect had thrown out beyond the dining alcove of this house a most charmingly designed garden of about the size of the living-room. If all architects would do this, what a stimulus to gardening! For what client with any eye for beauty could resist the charming line and proportion of the two flanking beds filled with flowers, to be seen at evening over the coffee on the paved terrace? All is so delightfully done on this plan (page 244) that it remains only to suggest possible varieties of shrubs and flowers for use as indicated there.

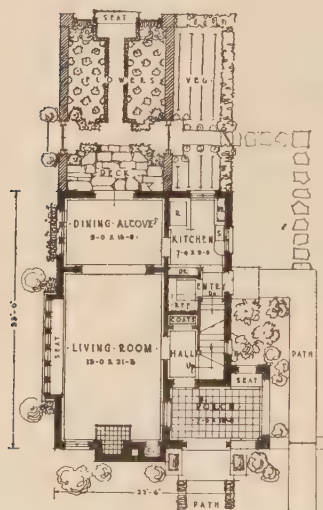
For the two shrubs to the right of the main porch I should use lilacs, *President Fallières* and *Emil Gentil*, with two or three *philadelphus* below these, of the variety called *Avalanche*. To the left of the door or porch, where two shrubs are indicated, use three lilacs in all, *Gilbert*, *Cœrulea*, and *macrostachya*, placing the last-named nearest the wall, be-

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fore the chimney. To the left of this, giving it room to expand for eight to ten feet on all sides, set the flowering crab, *malus arnoldiana*. Bush honeysuckles with *hydrangea*

arborescens for the lower group toward the kitchen, as shown on the plan; while on either side of the long living-room window nothing better could be placed than two white or pink dogwood trees, to let the boughs of flowers cut across the window. If dogwoods are unsuitable, then two bushes of *philadelphus coronarius*, the lovely old mock orange, for bloom and fragrance there.

Against these edges of the paved deck, at the back of the house, where plants are shown, the cotoneaster (var. *horizontalis*) would be the thing to use.



• FIRST FLOOR PLAN •

The two parts of the garden should be edged either with low box, or, if the climate is too cold for that, with the new box-barberry, kept to within eight inches of the ground. This garden should be filled with gay flowers. Use much blue and white in the garden; these are binding, harmonizing colors, as are the grey-foliaged plants like *nepeta* and *stachys*. Back of the seat at the far end of the garden, why not a splendid planting of white or Norway spruce, with cedars immediately around the seat itself? Give these things room; the white spruce grows fast and needs space for its wide lower branches.

PLANTING SUGGESTIONS



Designed by Lois L. Hoare and Manning.

There is one best guide to the bringing of wild flowers to the ground about our houses: it is that fine little book lately published by G. P. Putnam & Sons, "Taming the Wildings," by Herbert Durand, and it will be a necessity for the builder of a woodland house. As I look at the ascending approaches to this house, I can see nothing better, really nothing so good to suggest for the foreground, as these paths already there. The easily rising walks, the low steps at comfortable distances apart, the beautiful background of pines and spruce — all these suggestions should be followed as nearly as possible by the builder of this house. Let him or her read very carefully the first chapter of "Taming the Wildings" — all the principles of so-called wild gardening are there, and if they are kept in mind, any builder of this house will have pretty surroundings to look upon and walk in.

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The house is evidently in a hilly region — at least a rocky one. It is impossible to specify as to trees and shrubs, but put no creepers, no vines upon a house which is in or very near woods; keep the outlines of the house clear and distinct. Try no formal gardening, but let your ground partake of the natural beauty about it; if there is a group of native rhododendron, of bay-berry, of flowering dogwood, of Judas tree anywhere near, take that as your keynote, and compose variations on it. Emphasize the suggestions you have about you.

As to flowers: use those very sparingly in such a place, and where used have them in bold groups or masses. If native irises are near, bring those in and grow a colony of them somewhere near the walks (always remembering their wet or dry needs), or below the windows. If this house should be built in Colorado, what charming effects one could produce with the columbine, the lupine; if in the Tennessee mountains, with rhododendron, azalea, and the flowering trees against cedar! Take the sketch as it stands, for its hints are most excellent, and make a picture, but with the Durand book always in your hand.

One very minor thing — never on any account let a little table with a white cloth, and on that a bowl of cut wild-flowers, appear on that porch! This is out of place in every house, no matter where, but in this one it would be an outrage. The place for cut flowers is in the house, not outside it, and in a countryside where there are many native wild-flowers, bring them in and plant and care for them, or leave them in peace in their haunts.

PLANTING SUGGESTIONS



Designed by Foster & Vassar.

For this snug little house with its quiet, low lines, a low growing planting suggests itself. The small trellises against the wall of what is probably the living-room are meant perhaps for roses; but a practical mind would say grapes for such a position. Grapes, especially grapes of two colors, such as Niagaras and Catawbas or the delightfully-colored grape a combination of Concord and Catawba, the "Caco," would be most beautiful to see, if kept as grapes in any case should be kept, hard-pruned, thinly disposed, on such supports. If plaster happened to be the material of the wall, what more perfect than grape-leaves for their drawing, their shadows against such a wall? A group of the Japanese quince with its brilliant bloom in spring might stand where shrubs are indicated to the left of the entrance door. If this is a warm and sheltered corner, so much the better for the

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buds of the quince, which occasionally, in cold climates, freeze in winter if developed by a warm autumn. A wisteria between the chimney and the extreme right corner of the house, clambering upon the roof as in the sketch, would be well placed; and at the further or left-hand corner of the house three of those newer shrubs which bear such charming torches of lavender flowers in September are suggested. These are *Elsholtzia stauntoni*, a shrub fairly new in commerce, very hardy, of beautiful, rather spreading habit, and with a flower very arresting in beauty of color and form. A taller one might be set just beyond the corner of the house, two lower ones more to the front, but close against the wall. The foliage of this shrub is good all summer, quite aside from its lovely flowering effect in autumn. Since this house is French in feeling, foot-wide borders of English ivy or, in a colder climate, of common myrtle are desirable to edge the straight walks from door to street, and those around the house. The Lombardy poplars in the distance to the left are almost a necessary part of the picture, as are the trellised fence and gate beyond and to the left. A prim, high hedge of suitable plant-material should run across the lot from the right-hand rear corner of the house, to carry on the low line, to shut out service areas, and to balance the line of treillage to the left. This should be as high as the treillage at the other end and might be of *spirea vanhouttei*, which grows fast, clips well, and is absolutely hardy anywhere.

PLANTING SUGGESTIONS



Designed by Marcia Mead.

Do not cut up what greensward there is before these two adorable houses by wide cement walks, as in the sketch. Let people use the drive; then have a short walk at right angles from drive to steps of entrance porch. Plant low hedges of privet — *ibota*, if the region has cold winters — along the main wall of the house in front, to outline and edge those little walks and to run on inner edges of the drive; at least to the slight terrace indicated. Cover the terrace with the rockspray or *cotoneaster*, one of the best and most beautiful low shrubs for such a position. No window-boxes on any house in suburb or country, please; those are for cities. Let your flowers grow in the ground, not on rails nor on window ledges. Instead, plant the yellow rose, Emily Gray, or some of Dr. Van Fleet's hybrids, like Silver Moon, between those good-looking pairs of living-room windows,

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and let this rose have its will, both upward and outward — or almost have its will.

In thinking of the co-operative garden at the back: Let there be no barrier heavier than a picket fence, or a trellis, as in those charming little gardens of friends and neighbors at Gates Mills, Ohio. The two gardens might all be part of one balanced plan; in that case the planting to be fairly balanced in color and form, too; or, if a vine-covered trellis of some height should be built, each garden might be a unit in itself. If the two families are really in sympathy, the whole space might be left open, with one family to control the spring effects in the doubly-owned garden, and the other to see to the autumn ones; one pair to deal exclusively in daffodils, tulips, and flowering shrubs and trees, the other to give great attention to Japanese anemones, chrysanthemums, and the Michaelmas daisy.

PLANTING SUGGESTIONS



Designed by Marcia Mead.

This two-family house, with its delightful French roof, calls for slender trees near it, two or three Lombardy poplars beyond the rear right-hand corner, and perhaps another group at the left-hand front one, or just back of that corner. Also a few slender arbor-vitæ in groups to the right and left of each of the two main doorways.

All the planting of the front should be balanced because of the two entrances exactly like each other, and if arbor-vitæ are used they should be of the type known as *pyramidalis*. Forsythias should be near these and against the house, below the living-room windows of the first floor; while cotoneaster *horizontalis* (the rockspray), below, would make an interesting planting, though the forsythia would have to be pruned well each spring after flowering, to prevent its growing too large for the spot. If these forsythias are

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used, outline each little walk up to the doors with bands of the earliest of all daffodils, the Tenby daffodil, which can still be brought into this country from abroad.

All this is planned with the idea that the color of the house walls will admit of yellow spring color in the foreground; and if beds of the common green myrtle, *vinca minor*, should be used along the walks, and started a year or two before daffodils are put in, the foliage of the latter will not look badly as it dries, with the green leaves of myrtle to cover it.

The ground back of the house needs a stiff little formal garden, a flower garden divided into at least four beds, of gay flowers, always remembering that the gayer your garden is, the more it will need blue and cream-white bloom, also that the more brilliant the color, the lovelier it will look with a close-clipped background of green hedge. Most of the small gardens of French houses, however, have few flowers. They are out-of-doors living-rooms, really, and require a little terrace of stone or of grass, a paved terrace, an overhanging tree for shade, perhaps a tiny fountain for the cool music of its water, and iron chairs and table for the open-air meal. Always, too, there should be the borders of ivy or myrtle, outlining the edges of terrace or of grass.

If the garden is a flower garden, give the whole a pattern, and for the first year fill every bed with a good pink verbenas and a dwarf ageratum. Thus you get your parterre and obtain time, also, for study of permanent planting for the next year.

PLANTING SUGGESTIONS



Designed by Frederick Lee Ackerman.

The ground before this very beautiful house of Mr. Ackerman's should be kept very severe; smooth grass from street to foundation of house, a low, clipped hedge of privet at the street edge of lawn, a well-designed wooden gate (suggested by the light trellis-work in the porch) hung between the hedge-ends at the street. If the house is yellowish in tone, plant one white rose, Alberic Barbier, to garland the porch; if it is of dark brick, then place a Dr. Van Fleet rose there, pale pink. Have no shrubbery about this house in front; but use three or four plants of *ampelopsis lowi* to give green traceries to the left of the hall window; to the right and left of the living-room one; in fact, the vine beyond the hall window had better be *ampelopsis veitchii*, as that climbs higher than the other.

I like the suggestion of a high wall to the left of this

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house, with entrance giving upon the service quarters; if possible to have such a wall, it should be flush with the front line of house, however. From the dining-room doors should give upon the land at the back, and here, if the placing of the house permits, because exposures must always be considered for flowers, I should have a brick-paved garden, with borders of the gayest flowers coming close to the dining-room walls, and to the edge of the porch at the corner of the house. These borders should also run into the angle of the wall, which should exist to separate the garden from the service end of the house.' The garden should be rather long and narrow, giving a good vista as seen from the dining-room windows, to be terminated by a well-designed seat or little tea-house, corresponding with the house in character and color. Make this garden as bright as possible, filling it with all sorts of gay flowers in the brightest imaginable colors, perennials and annuals; border the beds everywhere with, outside, sweet alyssum; inside, a good bluish ageratum; and set at regular intervals, in a way to accentuate the design of the garden, dark and shapely trees, such as pyramidal arbor-vitæ, or Irish yews.

The garden should have much white in it, much pale yellow, much blue. Whatever else there is, be sure to have a quantity of achillea, white phlox, annual chrysanthemum, pale blue delphiniums, pale yellow snap-dragons, pale yellow stocks; and against the wall, if the wall is to the north, espalier fruit would be very nice, with a few climbing roses, such as *Aviateur Bleriot*, *Gliselaine de Feligonde* — so as to try some of the newer copper-yellow kinds. My idea is to keep the front of this house more or less sombre and formal, thus giving the back, with its bright parterres of flowers, a double brilliance and beauty.

PLANTING SUGGESTIONS



Designed by Aymar Embury II.

Without the intention of adding to expense, the first thing suggested to me by the picture of Mr. Embury's Colonial house is a white picket fence, with a simply designed wooden picket gate, hung between square posts about four feet high. The straight walk, from the gate to the front door, is the proper thing for this type of house, and within the fence there might be a hedge of privet or bush honeysuckle, smoothly clipped, never allowed to grow above the fence. If this is used it should follow the walk also, or a border of hardy flowers might be carried on either side of the walk. This border should be some two feet wide, and a foot from the edge of the walk. For flowers, use irises, columbines, phloxes, and dwarf hardy asters, with marigolds. Spring flowering bulbs scattered among these plants would give color and bloom before the perennials are in flower.

As loudly as the house calls for a fence, so loudly does it demand lilacs, wistaria, and syringa or philadelphus. The

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average nurseryman would suggest a base planting of evergreens, hydrangeas, and so on — but this is utterly out of keeping with the house's character. Wistaria and rambler rose (Lady Gay) would provide lovely wreaths of flowers for the piazza — be sure to get *wistaria multijuga*. Set the syringas on either side of the dining-room window, say three on either side — with peonies such as *festiva maxima* and Venus in a group of seven, just below the dining-room window itself. The shrubs and flowers will bloom together, and the syringa will perfume the evening meal. Below the syringa one plant of *forsythia intermedia spectabilis* — the finest of all forsythias — will give early spring color. The variety of syringa should be, if possible, *philadelphus virginalis*; and around the corner of the house to the right a planting of this same shrub might well extend for several feet. One sweetbrier rose between the peonies and syringa, and close to the house wall, would give a delicious leaf fragrance before its later bloom.

The little wing which forms the outer end of the living-room should be surrounded by lilacs — white lilac (Princess Alexandra), pink lilac (*Macrostachya*), deep purple lilac (Souvenir de Ludwig Spaeth), while below the living-room windows more sweetbrier would be delightful. For trees, nothing but elms should form a background for this charming house; room for one elm there should be. A boundary planting of lower shrubs, such as Thunberg's barberry, from the front corners of the fence on the street, almost to the rear, to be carried on then by Regel's privet, would help the general appearance of things, probably; but the fence should be brought back as far as possible from the street on either side of the lot to form the proper frame for a house of this type.

PLANTING SUGGESTIONS



Designed by Ernest Flagg.

To give this house its best effect, set it within twenty feet of the street, a little to one side of the lot. Give as little room as possible to the entrance drive and garage, and screen out by planting.

Set out in spring — never in autumn — three Lombardy poplars, back and to the left of the little tower, the tallest of the three nearest the house. Let a fine wistaria climb the angle between the tower and the front living-room window; and below set a philadelphus, or mock orange, and two species of lilacs, *villosa* and *pubescens*. Peonies may be planted in front of this group. *Ampelopsis veitchi* against the front wall, and a good climbing rose, Silver Moon for instance, at the porch post, complete the planting round the house, except for a group of Thunberg's barberries below the wall to the right, and at right angles to the porch.

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The front of the lot, on either side of a straight walk to the porch, should be taken up by gay flowers: delphiniums, hardy phloxes, hollyhocks and plenty of the lavender annual ageratum. On either side of the walk, at intervals among the flowers, pyramidal arbor-vitæs, set opposite each other, would give a beautiful contrast of form and color. Use a clipped hedge of privet (*ibota* for the northern states, *californica* for the South) round the front and sides of the lot. One or two tall bush honeysuckles (*lonicera tatarica*) would be good beyond the barberries for a screen.

Divide the ground at the back into one space of grass, near the house, for a drying green and a sitting place in hot weather; and separated from this by a hedge of shrubs, *spirea vanhouttei* perhaps, a small vegetable garden. Plant a few fruit trees here, apple, peach, pear; use dwarf varieties if the space is small. Train grape vines over the fence at the back, and use a fence also as a support for tomato vines.

Give this part of the place a little design too. Much interest is created by paths used in a balanced manner, or a little walk leading to a seat of quiet color, quietly placed. Such features are determined by the shape of the lot, the openings from the house to the rear garden. Never do any planting or planning without a reason.

PLANTING SUGGESTIONS



Designed by Clarence S. Stein

This house with the steep, picturesque roof calls for the large tree back of it, an American elm, placed well away from the house wall toward the rear boundary line of the lot.

The same passageway — the drive to the garage — is meant both for walking and driving. Of whatever this road is made — of gravel, brick or cement — this is a space-saving idea; and all that saves space on the small property is good.

From that corner of the porch nearest the bay window a hedge of Thunberg's barberry, or of hardy privet (*ibota* for the North, *californica* for the South) should run out to the drive, then along that to the sidewalk, across the front and down the other side of the lot, to end in a planting of lilacs just beyond the corner of the house. This hedge should be

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kept trimmed, and about two to three feet tall. The space of grass between the house and the street could be filled with flowers, or plant in its centre a young specimen of *malus arnoldiana* (pink-flowered ornamental crab). This would give a heavenly picture in May, and would never grow tall enough to darken the living-room windows. It should never be trimmed up from the bottom.

At the corner nearest the bay-window to the left plant *wistaria multijuga*, to be trained along edge of roof overhanging porch. At the column near the drive, plant rambler rose "Lady Gay" for succession of bloom around the porch. Between the porch and side door plant *vitis heterophylla*, an ornamental grape, for its quick growth and lovely berries in September. Screen the garage by a thick planting of bush honeysuckles, or syringa, using the tall kinds (*philadelphus coronarius*).

PLANTING SUGGESTIONS



Designed by Dwight James Baum.

Little decorative planting should find place near this aristocrat among houses. If it is built in a mild climate, what could be better to flank its fine entrance door, and to climb toward its upper windows than such roses as William Allen Richardson? For a colder part of the country, *wistaria multijuga* could be used instead of roses; and if an ivy-like effect should be preferred, then choose *evonymus radicans*, whose small glossy leaves are evergreen. In any case plant the same subject on either side of the entrance. The *evonymus* is very slow to start, but once established is fine indeed; also it grows marvellously well in shade.

In a warm climate low-clipped hedges of box, or in a colder one of dwarf barberry or of some evergreen such as hemlock, or arbor-vitæ, which clips well, are almost the only other adornments suited to the foreground of a house such

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as this. Straight lines, no informal planting here. Such hedges as have been mentioned should flank the straight walk, leading to the house, and might then turn at right angles, following the foundation line evenly below the windows, close to the house. This hedge should surround the open porch or terrace to the left, as well as turn the corner at the right.

Elms are the trees best suited to frame this house. No flowers or flowering shrubs should show their faces in the foreground of so austere and lovely a dwelling. Nothing should distract the eye from the beauty of the façade. A garden for vegetables and flowers, laid out in rectangles, and bordered with the same clipped hedges as in front, should be managed back of the high wall to the left of the house; and surely with a house of these proportions ample room would be left for gardens to the rear and plenty of space to either side.

The flower garden should be formal in character — nothing casual, overgrown, or careless will do here, though these are often the very effects to be striven for in planting about houses of informal type. A broad grass walk between rectangular beds might lead the eye to a well-placed seat against a background of laurels, and rhododendrons, with a few plants of the exquisite flame-colored *azalea mollis* to light the fires of spring.

In the rectangular beds, use at the back tall and stately plants — hollyhocks, foxgloves, delphiniums, of these especially the striking English hybrids, with broad plantings of phloxes, sweetwilliams, irises, campanulas, petunias, and masses of silvery-foliaged pinks to bind the garden to the ground.

PLANTING SUGGESTIONS



Designed by Marcia Mead.

The ground in front of this house should be covered with smooth grass, and have a dwarf clipped hedge, perhaps of the very hardy and handsome new privet under the name of Lowdense, and one or two roots of the fine-leaved Japanese ivy, *ampelopsis lowi*, set against the house. This vine only grows to a height of twelve feet; its leaf is most beautiful, though small. A decorative creeper to adorn the portico might be *vitis heterophylla*, the ornamental grape, whose small leaves and jewel-like fruits in September would be attractive and original there. But in spring this would have to be pruned.

The hint of a terrace back of the house is good. If possible this should be of brick, especially if the house is of stucco. And if the terrace could be flush with the floor of the house, and with the grass beyond as well, the effect would be better than if steps were needed anywhere.

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If money must be considered, do not build brick walls about the lot at the back of the house. However, there must be a board fence or some sort of screen. The board fence, if painted a good dull green and hung with vines — say table grapes on part of it — is good, especially if along the top there are one or two feet of light trellis-work.

Perhaps all the garden space within this fence can be spared for something pretty; then keep the centre open in an oblong panel of grass, with no walk to cut up the green, and arrange borders of flowers below the fence, growing shade-loving plants where the fence is between them and the sun. It is well to be careful in buying plants for a city garden, in order not to waste money and lose time too. Therefore I advise those who plan to make a flowery space like this in a city to consult the editor of the little *Bulletin* of the City Garden Club, Mrs. T. Carlyle Jones, 155 East 21st Street, New York; or the president of The Society of Little Gardens, Mrs. Charles Davis Clark, 2215 Spruce Street, Philadelphia, Pa. They are among the best-informed people in the country on what will grow in the small city lot, and under the naturally unfavorable conditions which always accompany planting in cities.

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